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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Genius of Liberty.

MR. EDITOR—It is with some reluctance that I address a few lines to you, but I am for liberty, a name which should be held sacred by every American citizen; and although facts are stubborn things, the truth must be told, and my prayer is that this generation may live to celebrate the day when our soil shall not be polluted by the footsteps of a slave.

By chance I have seen a few copies of your valuable paper, and in one I saw an account of a slave most cruelly treated by James K. Polk, and being for liberty instead of party, I will relate to you a circumstance that came under my own observation. I live in Unity, near what is termed the Quaker settlement, and away from any abolitionist society. The light of freedom, however, I trust, is soon to shine on this place. But to return to the subject—about the first of March, a stranger came to my house and begged a night's lodging. I was forcibly struck with his dejected appearance and immediately bid him welcome. After supper, I of course, had a curiosity to know from whence he came, and where bound, and I cannot do the subject justice better than to tell his history in his own words.—Sir, said he, I am from the plantation of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and bound for Canada. I was born and lived a slave on his plantation for twenty-five years, and strange as it may appear to you, although at times treated severe, I can say that the first sixteen years of my life were comparatively happy. At that time I was partially educated by a free black, and then, for the first time, I saw what a disgusting thing Slavery was. Being a house servant, and my master thinking that I was incapable of reading, or scarcely comprehending anything except orders of my daily task, I had many opportunities of reading and hearing conversations from my master and his numerous visiters. But in reading I had to be very cautious, and many a sleepless night I have spent in reading Northern papers. I soon found that the slave had many friends at the North, and that Abolitionists were ready to lend a hand. I ventured one day to ask my master what an Abolitionist was. He said it was the slave's worst enemy; that their practice was to flatter away slaves under pretence of freedom, and sell them at the North, where they had to pass the remainder of their days in a state [illegible]. difficulty that I suppressed a laugh, but my own interest required me to feign ignorance. One night, I found my way into his library and read several hours, and then fell asleep. My master rang for me, but finding the summons not obeyed, searched for me, and found me asleep, with a book in my hand. He awoke me with a smart blow on my face, with "Tom, what in the devil are you here for?" I told him I had been reading. "Reading!" says he, "you baboon, what do you know about reading? Read that!" pointing to a section in the statutes. To his astonishment I read it, and he then demanded of me how I learned to read. I frankly told him. He then ordered me to my duty, swearing that he would kill me, if ever I was seen with a book or paper in my hand again. Soon after this he put me in the hands of the overseer, telling me to lodge in the negro houses, and never enter his house again. My change was for the worse. I had to labour hard in the fields, with short allowances. I had always lived in the house with my mother, and now was deprived of seeing her for one moment. She, however, found an opportunity to see me one night, and told me that my master was my father. But by some means it reached his ears, and I was severely whipped, and she so inhumanely treated that she died in a few days afterwards. Then I determined to gain my freedom, or die in the attempt. But it was a long time before an opportunity presented itself. At length the joyful hour came. One Friday evening we were told that we might have Saturday and Sunday for pastimes, but not to leave the plantation. I went into my hut to prepare to leave. I took a small bag of rice, and started for liberty or death, determined never to be seen alive on the plantation again. The North Star was my guide. I travelled all night, and at dawn of day secreted myself in the woods. This I did for many nights, not knowing where I was or what advancement I was making. I travelled twenty-seven nights, without speaking to any person. Then I ventured to be seen in the day time, but avoided cities and large towns. At last I found men who were friends to the slave, that helped me on my journey. While I travelled nights, I underwent a great deal with fatigue and hunger, and when my rice was consumed, I was glad to find anything to sustain life. But the thoughts of freedom strengthened me, and here am I in a free State.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have given his statement, as near as I can recollect. He showed me the marks of the whip on his back, and the letters H. C. branded on his shoulder. He was a well-looking man, and would well pass for a white man, and appears honest and intelligent. [illegible] erected him to Elder Jared Perkins, who carried him to Claremont, and gave him suitable direction to Canada. May success attend him.

Yours, &c.

FREDERICK GLIDDEN.

Pro-Slavery.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

BOSTON, June 13.

COLONIZATION.—The prospects of this scheme of philanthropy, towards the African race, were, perhaps, never more auspicious than at present. The venerable Dr. Humphrey, with his wise head, and large heart, and unfaltering tongue, has delivered several lectures on the subject, which I understand he has been invited to repeat in New-York. On Sabbath evening, he gave his closing address in the Old South Church. It is quite indicative of growing respect for the cause, that this able advocate has been promptly encouraged to present the subject in the leading churches of Boston, of different denominations; and that, as stated at the recent Anniversary here, some two hundred pulpits of the Commonwealth, have of late been occupied for its presentation. In his last lecture, the Doctor, after depicting the depressed and dispiriting condition of the coloured man in this country, strikingly illustrated his capacity for rising, under favourable circumstances, by the case of Gov. Russworm, of Cape Palmas; who, despairing to overcome the prejudice against colour, and to find honourable employment here, yet determined to be *a man*, sailed from Salem to Africa a few years since. This case was only parallel to that of Gov. Roberts, of Liberia, once a Virginian slave! and showed, to what hundreds of others might aspire, if encouraged by Christian patriots and philanthropists. *Here*, degradation, he was sorry to say, seemed inevitable; but *there*, independent colonies, with numerous churches and schools, and a great country to be redeemed, were inviting them to come over, and take their proper place among freemen, and live for the highest honour of God, and their race.

After showing that, notwithstanding the combined efforts of Christian powers, the African Slave-Trade had greatly increased of late, there was something truly sublime as well as beautiful, in the Doctor's picture of hundreds of independent colonies, like so many bands of guardian angels lining the coast, and obstructing everywhere the horrible Slave-Trade,—as Liberia, and Cape Palmas had done, effectually, for 400 miles,—sending at the same time, a redeeming influence to the interior.

He showed, from the statistics of Mr. Buxton, the modern Wilberforce, that between four and five hundred thousand were now annually *captured* for slavery—that the profits were so great that the traffic would be continued, though *two-thirds* should be arrested or die on their passage; and that colonies of defence and civilization were immeasurably better than ships of war.

From the Correspondence of the Boston Courier.

THE ELEVATION OF THE COLOURED RACE.

This subject was again ably discussed by Rev. Dr. Humphrey, in the Old South Church, on Sabbath evening. He reasoned from the golden rule, the cardinal principle of morals, that justice requires that efforts be made to place the three or four hundred thousand free coloured people in the United States where they can enjoy the blessings of a free and independent people—where the highest motives to moral and intellectual culture will stimulate the coloured man to exertion, as they do the white man in Massachusetts. This, he said, we could never expect to see while they remained among us. It would not be permitted, he was sorry to say. The Governor of Virginia, in his last message, proposes to drive out every free coloured person from that State, fifty thousand. Where shall they go? At the North the prejudice is not so great, but who does not know they are considered a degraded class.

A Boston merchant, a few days ago, told him of a young coloured man who, twenty years since, having graduated at Bowdoin College, came to this city to establish himself in business—but he found the prejudices of society such against his colour, that with the best character, with talents and education, he could not obtain the means of subsistence. At length, driven by the stern hand of poverty, he consented to go to Liberia. The merchant above named, aided by one other, furnished him with a printing press and types. He sailed from Salem for Liberia, where for several years he edited the Liberia Herald. This man was Russworm, the present able Governor of the colony of Cape Palmas. What could he have enjoyed, or what good could he have done, with all his talents, his learning, and his virtues, if he had remained here?

The coloured people of the free States must remain in their degraded condition, if they stay here, unless they can raise in their might and resist the oppression that degrades them. Can they ever do that? As well might the poor peasants in the mountain vales of Switzerland resist the descending avalanche.

Sir Thomas Buxton had demonstrated that in the last twenty-five years the Slave-Trade had increased from eighty thousand annually, to two hundred thousand; and that now, to obtain these, the aggregate loss was so great, from danger of apprehension, &c. that half a million were annually taken from Africa to secure this supply. The Doctor said he advocated the cause of Colonization, because it afforded the only hope of abolishing that system of concentrated horror and blood. The colony of Liberia had already broken up the trade from nearly four hundred miles of [illegible] coast. And when we see the whole western coast, and *not till then*, lined with Christian colonies of coloured people, will the horrors of this Satanic traffic cease. May we not hope, said the speaker, in a few years, to see the whole four thousand miles covered with flourishing towns and cities, like guarding angels, to protect and enlighten the continent, and whose commercial intercourse would be of tenfold more pecuniary profit to us than all the slaves in the nation.

That a man of Dr. Humphrey's high standing and wisdom should so fully have enlisted his energies for its promotion, and that the leading pulpits of the several denominations should be so cordially opened for its encouragement, augurs well for this cause of philanthropy.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

The Richmond Enquirer contains the following correspondence, the sentiments of which it approves as follows:

At the last session of the Virginia Legislature, it will be recollected that resolutions were adopted condemning in decided terms the "Wilmot Proviso." Copies of these resolutions were directed to be enclosed to the Governors of the several States, to be laid before their respective Legislatures. In the performance of this duty, the following correspondence has taken place between Governor Smith, of Virginia, and Governor A. G. Brown, of Mississippi. Governor Brown's letter breathes the true Southern spirit, and will meet with a hearty response. ON THIS SUBJECT THE WHOLE SOUTH WILL BE UNITED.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, March 10, 1847.

Sir,—I respectfully communicate the accompanying preamble and resolutions, adopted by the General Assembly of Virginia on the 8th instant, and request that you will lay the same before the Legislature of your State.

I have the honour to be
Your obedient servant,
WM. SMITH.

His Excellency, Governor of Miss.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Jaskson, (Miss.) 15th April, 1847.

His Excellency, Wm. Smith, Governor of Va.:

Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter covering the resolutions of the Gravely Assembly of Virginia on the subject of Legislature of Mississippi—a request which I shall with great cheerfulness comply with when our Legislature assembles—this will not be until January, 1848.

It affords me pleasure to say in advance, that the resolutions will meet a hearty response from both political parties in this State. Firm in their tone, elevated in sentiment, dignified in their expression, and reflecting clearly and cogently the feelings of every Southern man on the delicate and deeply-interesting subject of which they treat, they will, I sincerely trust, check our Northern friends in their mad career, and cause them to reflect before they force the South to this last extremity. When abolition first disturbed the quiet of the South, our people gave way to pass, and in terms fierce and bitter, denounced the fanaticism which thus sought to disturb their domestic tranquillity.

No appeal was deemed necessary at that time; no argument was resorted to, because, in the first moment of indignant excitement, the South felt that she could not discuss such a question without admitting the right of the North to call in question the propriety of institutions, which she was indisposed to do. She made no appeal to what she deemed an ERA OF FANATICISM. But things are changed—the movements in New-York and Pennsylvania—in both of Congress—the evident pandering of Presidential aspirants to the favor of abolition, has dissipated the first feeling of confident expectation that [illegible] like other HERESIES, would expire of its own excesses, and the feeling of irritation has subsided into a calm and dispassionate determination—first, to exhaust all the resources of reason and argument in exorting our Northern brethren to LET US ALONE as subject; and if these fail—if the spirit of abolition invade the councils of the nation—prompting a strong party to wrest from the weak the fruits of toil—its property—the peaceable possession which was guaranteed by the Constitution, the deplorable as may be the consequences, we will be prepared, having exhausted every fraternal remedy, to become *enemies*, and defend our rights with those means which God and Nature have placed in our hands. If other men *will* force this sad catastrophe upon us, it is our duty to watch its approach, and be prepared to meet it. The South must be united. The South will be united in the next Presidential election, if this whole question is not unqualifiedly withdrawn from the contest, by a pledge *catagorically* made to abstain from all disturbance or interference on the question of Slavery during the Presidential term. No man who sympathizes with the sentiments put forth in the "Wilmot Proviso," ought to have, or in my opinion can get, a single electoral vote from the Southern States. *I know he cannot get a vote from Mississippi.* We may not be in favour of acquiring slave territory. We may be in favour of establishing the Rio Grande as the Western boundary up to parallel thirty-six degrees, and thence to the Pacific, but we will not submit to be told that slave territory is not to be acquired on this or on the other side of that line. On this subject there is no division of sentiment in Mississippi. It is common ground on which Whigs and Democrats cordially unite. The period is approaching when we shall be called upon to make a selection of a Presidential candidate. It is impossible to see what four years may bring forth. Mighty revolutions in England, France, and other countries have taken place in much less time, and we are now at that point from which it may be disastrous in the last degree to make one step forward without first having prepared the ground. I am opposed, therefore—and in this I think I but echo the common sentiment in Mississippi—to going into convention with our Northern brethren without a prior distinct understanding that the candidate selected must not only be sound on this subject, but beyond the *taint* of suspicion.

If an Abolitionist, even in the modified form of a "Wilmot Proviso" man, is elevated to the Presidency, (which may God in his mercy prevent,) the South owes it to her domestic quiet, to the conduct which such an event may force her to adopt, to have no part nor lot in the election of such a President. I am quite sure that our Northern brethren will yet do us the justice to yield to our reasonable demands. We have not asked money nor patronage; we have not asked for partial legislation, *to protect our labour;* we have only asked *to be let alone.* A request so reasonable in itself, and so easily granted, will surely not be denied—if it is, we owe it to ourselves to take care that the denial shall not come through a President of our own choosing. Be future events what they may, Mississippi will stand by Virginia in maintaining her recently adopted resolutions, as she has always stood by her in support of her resolutions of '39.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. G. BROWN.

Selections.

From the New-York Evangelist.

THE TROUBLESOME SUBJECT.

In the course of some sensible remarks upon the spirit and impression of the late anniversaries in this city, the Commercial Advertiser thus speaks of the subject of Slavery, the truth of which will hardly be questioned:

"In the first place these anniversaries have shown that the question of Slavery—that plague and opprobrium of our country—is mixing itself with almost every department of Christian and benevolent effort. As an eloquent speaker observed: 'it comes up over the land like the frogs in Egypt': swarming over the whole field of benevolent operation, threatening to drown, by its discordant notes, all nearer strives to other action. It seems destined, like an army of locusts, to destroy the 'green pasture' of the Church of God, and choke up the 'waters of quietness' which irrigate the garden of the Lord. It is evidently becoming *the* question, which is to eat up, like Pharaoh's lean kine, every other, and create a dearth and famine of benevolent effort.

"It confronted and had well nigh struck down the angelic form of Christian unity in the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, and only refrained from its purpose when it was allowed to dwell in the same camp, on the admission of its rights and with the credit of having been generous enough to forego the death-blow for the sake of peace. For an entire day it was enthroned in the Tabernacle, multitudes listening to its plaint of woe, sympathizing in its appeals, and devising means with more or less wisdom, though with equal enthusiasm, for its immediate or its gradual and final adjustment.

"In one form or other it exerted an influence over every meeting, either sitting boldly with the officers, or peeping from behind some cautiously worded resolution, or suddenly evoked from concealment and revealed to the audience by a burst of eloquence or flash of genius from some untrammeled and impassioned speaker. Welcome or unwelcome, treated with respect or with scorn, lauded or denounced, we believe there was scarcely a meeting, certainly not one of any importance, where, either on sufferance or by invitation, as friend or foe, as host or guest, the question of Slavery had not its influence on the discussions. We advert to the *fact* only, as something worthy of observation and of grave consideration in view of the future. What the effect has been, what it will be, deserves and demands from every Christian philanthropist the most careful scrutiny."

All very true: and what man of humanity or truth can complain of it? It is one of the most hopeful indications of the times that this subject cannot be put aside, and that our free and boastful countrymen are obliged to face the enormity and guilt and danger of this prodigious curse. If it is upturning every thing, and threatens to throw us all into chaos, let us be consoled by the thought that the extirpation of an institution of so long standing, and so deeply imbedded in all the usages, political economy, social prejudices, and religious relations of the country, as Slavery is and has been, cannot be expected without great and violent convulsions. And as it is bound to take place—Providence, truth, civilization, and the universal human conscience having decreed it—to snarl and fight, and hold back, as too many are pleased to do, will only make matters worse, and render the agitation more bitter and [illegible] and the country, when the national conscience can get no rest till this great sin be repented of and abandoned.

In the same paper (the Evangelist) is the following:

"While at all the meetings there was uttered much that was just and impressive, we cannot but say that at the anniversaries of the Anti-Slavery Societies there was probably more truth freely outspoken, which was applicable to the times, and meant for the moral sense of this nation, and the conscience of the Church, than is often heard in the same space of time. There only, and at a Unitarian anniversary, did we hear the criminality of our present war characterized as it should be; and once, at the Apollo Rooms, as we listened to the impressive and pungent remarks of Wendell Phillips concerning the relation of Slavery to the Church, we could but wish that every Christian, and every minister in the land could have heard them. If they might have found very much to condemn and deplore, as we did, in his warfare against the Church, and the Union, and other extravagances of the kind, yet we believe that there is no pulse of liberty in the heart of a true freeman that would not beat in unison with the speaker's, when, with a truly Roman eloquence, he gave expression to his own love of liberty and honest hate of Slavery, especially in that form of it which Wesley called the vilest under the sun.

"The influence of these great voluntary associations upon the benevolence, the energy, and progress of the Church, as well as upon the civilization of the country, is every year becoming more obvious and more decided. Their adaptation to do the work of the Gospel in such a land as this, and to reach the wants of a people in such circumstances, and of such character as our own, is proving itself by the best of all arguments—success. Their yearly meetings are the mile-stones by which we ascertain our progress; and however common they have become, the whole community would feel their loss, were the gatherings of the anniversary week to be discontinued. We rejoice in their prosperity, and argue the best results to the best interests of church and of State from their progress and their influence."

From the Republican Journal.

The Abolitionists are split into as many sections as there are States in the Union, and very little prospect is presented of their uniting in any very effective form. We could not give all their phases if we so desired, for the queer crotchets of some of the leaders of these sections or factions would require very much space, to illustrate, or make them intelligible. The Disunionists form a pretty considerable faction,—the political faction who disavow this, perhaps as large a portion. A call has been extended to Gerrit Smith to be a candidate for the Presidency, but he declines, yet furnishes an abstract of what he *would* do (or try to do) if President. The reader may observe from the following abstract what sort of a President we should have in him: If he were President he

Would first stop the Mexican War, and ask pardon of God and Mexico for our wholesale murders of the Mexican people, returning the territory we have taken by force. 2d. Utterly abolish the Army and Navy. 3d. Abolish all Customs or Commercial restrictions whatever. 4th. Establish a system of direct taxation alone. 5th. Urge liberal expenditures for light houses, harbours, improving rivers, &c. 6th. But none at all for fortification, ships of war, &c. 7th. Interpret and apply the Constitution as at deadly war with Slavery. 8th. Stop selling the public lands, allowing every man who needs to take a portion of them without pay, and render the homestead inalienable. 9th. Discountenance distinction between native and adopted citizens. 10th. Appoint no man to office who bases the right of suffrage on property or colour. 11th. Give no office to a slaveholder, any more than to any other pirate. 12th. Nor to any man in favour of the traffic of intoxicating drinks.—13th. Nor to any adhering member of a secret society.

As they say, he "goes the whole figure." This party has been lately divided by a considerable portion going off, whose notions are rather too ultra for the whole party to adopt. The one idea of the abolition of Slavery does not suit them; they wish some political distinctness on other great questions the chief of which, perhaps, is the Tariff. They go for the *abolition of all duties whatever*, and for other measures, noticed in the above abstract. When the Abolitionists will elect their President is not stated; and the cherished object of a large portion of them—the dissolution of the Union—seems as far from fulfilment as ever.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TOO.

The Southern writers and orators, in defending the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican war, do it on the ground that the interests of Slavery will not permit that any foreign free country should border on the slave States. Consequently, we have engaged in a system of warfare, for the benefit of the slave system, which is to have no end, so long as there is any free territory, bounding on our own. When Mexico is conquered, Guatemala must next be subdued, then New Grenada, Venzuela, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, &c., &c. Brazil having adopted the "patriarchal institution," may escape, and even become our ally in the *holy* work of slave propagandism. What a delightful prospect to the sturdy freemen of the North. Who would not rush into war for such a cause as this?

When *our* country shall have thus extended her limits, and the slave power is firmly fixed upon the nation, whatever of privileges, or of rights even, we [illegible] as a *favour* at the hands of our masters. The latters only will they be who have the power in their hands, and who have always been accustomed to exercise absolute authority over human beings, standing, to them in the relation of slaves.

When this *glorious* period shall have arrived—and it is near at hand—the free States may be duly thankful that they are *permitted* to be the tail, or even the bob of the tail, of such a magnificent kite. Then may certain papers among us indulge themselves in singing *Io pæns* to the slave power, and in laudations of themselves, for the parts which they have sustained in urging on *the vigorous prosecution* of such a war.

From the Watchman of the Valley.

ANTI-SLAVERY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pursuant to previous notice, a Convention assembled in the Sixth-street, Congregational Church, on Thursday morning, of the 27th ultimo, the day after the Assembly dissolved, to form an Anti-Slavery Presbyterian Church. The Rev. John Rankin was called to the chair, who, after the introductory exercises of singing and prayer, delivered a discourse from Revelations, 18: 4, 5:

"And I heard another voice from Heaven, saying—'Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues; for her sins have reached unto Heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.'"

The duty of Christians to separate from a Church that tolerates Slavery in its bosom, was, of course, the subject of his discourse.

At the close of the sermon, Mr. Rankin was chosen President of the Convention, and the Rev. Mr. Hills, of Manchester, Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Gilmer offered the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the Confession of Faith, and Catechism of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, be adopted as the bond and union of this body.

"Resolved, That where the name of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America, occur, the words '*in the United States*,' be stricken out, so that it shall read, "the Presbyterian Church of America."

"Resolved, That the Form of Government and Book of Discipline, as amended and ratified by the General Assembly of 1821, and further amended in 1840, construed in strict accordance with the Overture sent down to the Presbyteries of the Assembly of 1839, and agreed to by them, be adopted.

"Whereas, In this country, the sin of slaveholding prevails to an alarming extent, perniciously influencing all the action of the Church, either immediately or remotely connected with human rights, it is therefore deemed necessary, in adopting a form of government, to make a distinct declaration, on that subject. Therefore,

"Resolved, That the following declaration of human rights be prefixed to the Form of Government of this body:

DECLARATION.

I. God has made of one blood all nations of men, consequently, all human beings, endowed with rationality, have an equal right to freedom.

II. The holding of human beings as property, is destructive of all the ends for which man was created and endowed with rational powers, and consequently one of the greatest evils that can be inflicted upon human nature, highly immoral, entirely inconsistent with Christian character and profession.

III. No person holding slaves, or advocating the rightfulness of slaveholding, can be a member of this body.

IV. That no Church, Presbytery, or Synod, tolerating slaveholders, or the advocates of slaveholding, in its communion, can be a constituent part of this body.

Adopted.

Rev. Mr. Gilmer also offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the following article be added to the Form of Government, to be enforced so long as shall be necessary to complete a general organization:

Any Synod, Presbytery, or Church, by adopting the Confession of Faith, and this form of Government, shall be a constituent part of the Presbyterian Church of America.

Any three regularly ordained ministers in good and regular standing, may constitute themselves into a Presbytery, by adopting this Constitution, and so become a part of this Church.

Any three Presbyteries, or more, may constitute themselves into a Synod.

The Presbyteries, when they shall have increased to the number of fourteen, *may* constitute a General Assembly.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Gilmer, a committee was appointed to prepare a manifesto for the public.

Rev. D. Gilmer, Rev. W. G. Kephart, and Rev. J. Rankin, were appointed the committee.

The Convention then dissolved.

WHO MR. WILMOT IS.

The Whig Flag, a paper published at Carrollton, (Miss.) gives the following *accurate* account of the author of the Proviso:

He is a certain, unrelenting *locofoco* member of Congress, *from the State of New-York*, opposed to the war, a rank Abolitionist, and believes strongly in a latitudinarian construction of the quintessences of Democracy. His famous Anti-Slavery resolutions introduced in Congress last winter is as notorious as the fact that Mr. Polk furnished Mexico with a General to lead her armies against our brave and fearless troops; and had he not furnished our enemies with this formidable rival, it is also known that not one twentieth of the number would have been lost on our side, and that peace would long since have been established. These resolutions had the object in view, to prohibit Slavery in all territory that might be added to the Union by treaty, conquest, or otherwise. They originated with the democracy, and as they attempt to hold the Whigs responsible for the sins of Daniel Webster, (who by the way has a son battling in Mexico for his country,) it is but just they should shoulder the fanatic and tory Wilmot, with all his iniquities, and parade them before the world as the insignia of an established creed, and glorify and shout over their new-born patron.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal, June 16th.

THE RIOT IN CARLISLE—PROFESSOR McCLINTOCK.

It gives us great pleasure to insert the following communication from Carlisle College; because it will put to rest a wicked and slanderous report in reference to Professor McClintock, which has been circulated with great industry through the public press. For ourselves, we have never put the least confidence in the story, for the reason, that we knew the Professor, and were sure that he is too good a man to participate in any mobbing affair, whatever temptation might have been presented. He is a minister of the Gospel, too, and highly esteemed in that relation.—We are sure he is in earnest as a preacher of peace, and love, and could not be made to believe he had countenanced a riot, or any breach of the law. In short, we could not give the least credence to the story, because we knew the Professor. The following contradiction of the slanderous report comes to us with such certification of its genuineness that we pledge *ourselves* for its authenticity and correctness:

The undersigned, being Southern students of Dickinson College, observe in the Philadelphia "Ledger" of the 8th inst. an account of the late riot in Carlisle, taken from the "Hagerstown News," which demands a notice. It is there said, 1st. That "numbers of the students of Dickinson College who were from the South, took an active part" "in aid of the owners of the slaves:" 2d. "That one of the students was slightly wounded:" 3d. "That Prof. McClintock, of Dickinson College, was particularly conspicuous in urging the negroes to the attack:" 4th. "That a meeting of the Southern students of the College had been called in reference to Prof. Mc Clintock's behaviour upon this occasion, and it is supposed that they will demand his removal from the institution or withdraw themselves." These assertions, we are satisfied, are all false; and whatever made designedly for the purpose of injuring ourselves or Prof. Mc Clintock, they call for a denial.

At the time of the riot (Wednesday Afternoon,) the two literary societies, to which all of the students belong, [illegible] excitement was very suddenly raised, and the college is at some distence from the court-house, the students generally were not aware that anything of the kind had occurred, until the whole affair was over. If there was any student at all on the ground, none certainly took any part in the matter, nor was any injured.

As to Prof. Mc Clintock's alledged participation in the transaction, we are not only satisfied from the most respectable testimony that the charge is untrue, but from his long established character we believe him incapable of any such thing. The story did indeed come to us at first so perverted and exaggerated, that, with the natural warmth of Southerners, many of us were excited against him. But after several meetings held for the purpose of considering the matter, in which not only the Southern students, but all the students of the Institution as a body participated, we have become convinced of the falsity of the accusation. The conduct of this gentleman towards the students has always been of such a nature as to call for our warmest commendation. So far are we from desiring his removal from the Institution, that we thus publicly express our regard for him as a Professor, a gentleman, and a Christian. Moreover, we sincerely hope that hemay long remain with us as an instructor; for we are fully conscious that his withdrawal from the Institution would be an irreparable loss, both to ourselves and the College.

We regret most unfeignedly this lamentable occurrence; still we consider that the truth of the case demands this action on our part, and we have endeavoured to state the whole affair as impartially as possible.

Dickinson College, June 8, 1847.

Signed by students from the following States, viz:—Maryland 57, Virginia 20, District of Columbia 3, Delaware 4, North Carolina 1, South Carolina 1, Mississippi 1, Louisiana 1, Kentucky 2.

Ninety in all, comprising all the Southern students of the college, except 4.

We find in the London Inquirer of May 9th, a report of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Society. The debate touching upon the pro-slavery position of certain Unitarian clergymen in this country will interest many of our readers:

J. B. Estlin, Esq. of Bristol, had been requested to move that the report of the committee (the Annual Report) be adopted; not having known beforehand what was the nature of the Report, and perhaps not having very clearly heard what had taken place, he should be much obliged, before he gave it his cordial assent, to be informed by his friend, Mr. Tagart, whether the communication from America (the Report had alluded to the invitation sent to ministers in this country from certain American ministers) was from a society or from private individuals.—They were given to understand, by a letter that appeared in the Inquirer, some time ago, that the American Unitarian Association had sent us this friendly message. Had they done so, he (Mr. Estlin) should have felt himself called on, in consequence of a slaveholding Vice-President belonging to that society, to have made some comments on it; but if this were not the case, he was quite willing to suppose that the meeting had no right to enter on a question of this kind.—(hear).

Mr. Tagart replied that it was entirely from those who had sent the invitation, *as individuals*, "friends of Unitarian Christianity in Boston, to their brethren in the common faith in England and Scotland;" it was sent merely by several individuals, and therefore any comment on the internal constitution of any American society would be a little out of place on this occasion—(hear hear).

Rev. Thomas Madge thought that they would now see that the invitation was not *from* any society or *to* any society—(hear).

Mr. Estlin said, that if any resolution in reference to America was proposed, he should feel himself authorized in conveying to them our sympathy for the dreadful evil of the existence of Slavery amongst them, and the expression of our hopes that the Unitarians of America would be the first to come forward to illustrate the genuine principles of Unitarian Christianity, by every effort for the removal of that great evil—(hear hear). He had great pleasure in proposing that the report be adopted.

Rev. W. James, of Bristol, seconded the proposition, and, in doing so, expressed the great gratification he had had in hearing the report read, and especially to find that the Association had not altogether neglected foreign operations—(hear);—to be sure, it was a very small amount that was given towards the support of Unitarianism abroad, and when he read, from year to year that this was the British and *Foreign* Unitarian Association, he confessed that he was rather ashamed that so little was done; he knew there was a strong conviction in some minds that we had enough to do at home, but he believed that we should do more good by doing more abroad (hear);—however, he was happy to express his gratification to find that the Association did not altogether neglect Unitarianism out of England—(hear).

Mr. Young inquired what was the precise amount that had been expended on foreign objects.

Mr. Tagart replied, that supposing that the income of the Association had averaged for its disbursements about £500 or £600 a-year for the last three years, they had not given more than £50 or £60 a-year to foreign objects, the whole of the rest of the money had been distributed in congregations in England, and in books and tracts.

The Rev. George Armstrong, of Bristol, was happy that the circumstances adverted to by his friend, Mr. Estlin, appeared to be in a train of satisfactory explanation; but he would beg the favour of a more distinct explanation on this point. He understood that this Association was taking cognizance of the invitation referred to, from their friends in Boston; if it were so, he apprehended that they gave to the transaction a formal character, which it did not possess on the other side of the water; and (he might be under a wrong impression) he thought that any opinion upon that invitation in connection with the American character, and the position of affairs there, given by this Association, might lead to a misunderstanding, or might require some further elucidation and discussion. He should, therefore, say that it would be gratifying to him, if not inconvenient to the meeting, that a portion of the Report should be read again—(hear).

The Rev. Thomas Madge said that the letter of invitation was addressed to them as ministers in London; it was sent to Dr. Hutton, and thence to him (Mr. Madge), and, as a means of making it known to a greater number of individuals, it had passed through the hands of the Committee of the Association; but it was not addressed to them, as an association, nor did it come before the Committee, except as a means of giving it a wider circulation—(cheers).

Mr. Tagart said, that perhaps it would facilitate the smooth course of the proceedings if he stated that there was a mistake in the private letter sent from the Committee to the gentlemen at Bristol, in regard to the form in which the invitation from America came to them. It was there stated that it come from the American Unitarian Association; but this was a mistake, it had come before the Committee in an irregular and unbusiness-like manner.

The Rev. D. Davidson thought that the answers of Mr. Madge and Mr. Tagart did not touch at all upon the question asked by Mr. Armstrong—(hear). He wished to know what amount of publicity they wished to attach to the invitation by making it part of their record—(hear, hear).

Dr. Rees, the resident Secretary to the Association, rose to state in what way this letter had been taken up officially by the Committee. The letter had been received by Dr. Hutton; but, as it was addressed to no particular individuals or society, the Committee thought they might take upon themselves the forwarding of it to some of their friends in the country, who might make it more generally known, and under that direction he (Dr. R.) had forwarded the letter to his friend, Mr. James, that he might communicate with, and take the opinion of, the ministers belonging to the Western Union; he had also sent it to Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, for the information of the Unitarian ministers of Lancashire and Cheshire; but it had no other official form until, inadvertently, in writing to Mr. James, he (Dr. R.) had stated that the letter had come to the Committee—(hear).

Mr. Tagart then re-read the passage in the Report alluded to, which stated that the invitation was sent from *certain ministers* in the United States, to their brethren in this country. The Report also stated that the invitation had been received with pleasure; and they thought that it should be acknowledged.

Mr. Armstrong asked from whence that acknowledgment was to come; because, if from this Association, he must venture to introduce an exception to that phrase, of "receiving the invitation *with pleasure*;" not from any objection to the invitation itself, which he could accept with all cordiality and delight, but from the connection of other unfortunate circumstances which they must notice, if they noticed the thing at all—(hear).

Mr Madge thought they had better omit the passage—(hear, and No, no)

H. C. Robinson, Esq. said that the resolution proposed called upon them togive their cordial assent—to what?—to the reception, with pleasure, of an invitation from *certain* Unitarian ministers. Now, knowing what sort of ministers there were (calling themselves Unitarians) in America, there was a very large portion of them from whom he should receive no communication whatever with pleasure—(hear). Therefore, he should object to give such an answer, when he knew nothing more than that this invitation came from *certain* ministers in America—(hear). Knowing, as he did, that the Unitarian pulpits had been disgraced and polluted by the presence in them, of the defenders and apologizers for Slavery—(cheers)—knowing this fact, he should always receive with great doubt and apprehension any communication whatever from any minister not known and not eminent for his opposition to Slavery—(cheers). And, therefore, as it was not easy to examine on the spot who these individuals were, his humble suggestion would be, that that part of the Report should be omitted—(cheers, and expressions of dissent).

Mr. Madge suggested that the passage should be omitted, as this discussion was quite irrelevant to the object of the meeting—(cheers, and cries of No).

W. H. Ashurst, Esq. inquired from whom an answer to this invitation was demanded.

Mr. Tagart thought that it was from this Association—(hear, and no, no). It was addressed to the Christian brethren in England and Scotland. Dr. Hutton had brought it to the Committee of the Unitarian Association.

Mr. Madge here interrupted the speaker to say, that it was his doing—(laughter). The letter was sent to him, and he was desired to send it round; but thinking the best way of passing it about was by bringing it to the Association, (not to lay it before it as an Asssociation,) that it might thus be circulated.

Mr. Tagart (in continuation): This letter had come before the Committee, not as a Committee; and they had sent it to certain ministers, well known to them, in the North and West. Now, he took it, that it was competent for any body of men, called together to take such notice of that letter as might seem expedient—he thought it competent for any gentleman to say, such and such a letter has been received; I beg to send such and such an answer—(hear). It was competent for this Society, if it pleased, to notice that letter in such a manner as should be thought right by the majority. And although he thought that this discussion had been brought on irregularly at this time and in this place, still, if any gentleman objected to notice being taken of that letter, then it should be decided that the report be adopted, subject to the exclusion of that part of it relative to this American letter of invitation—(hear). But he thought it would be desirable, as the Report, had been prepared with some care, that before a proceeding of this kind took place, it should meet with grave consideration—(hear, hear).

Rev. E. Higginson, of Hull, asked whether any slaveholder had signed the invitation.

The Secretary read the invitation, together with the names attached to it.

Mr. Madge, as one of the Committee who had strongly objected to the introduction of the passage, as he saw that it would lead to irrelevant discusions here, moved that it be omitted—(hear, hear).

Dr. Bowring, M. P. rose amidst loud cheers. It appeared to him that the Committee had only discharged their duty in regard to the kind and cordial invitation from the other side of the water—(hear). He did not consider this discussion a useless one; he rejoiced to see in the Unitarian body an exhibition

of this extreme sensibility and susceptibility, lest by any act of theirs they should—he would not say sanction, but—handle, touch, or approach this unholy thing which so much dishonoured so many of our brethren—(hear). He felt that the few words which had been uttered would not be without their effect on the other side of the water—(cheers). And he did not agree with his friend, Mr. Madge, that the introduction of the letter had been other than useful; he believed it, would teach our brethren on the other side, that if they came to us with their invitations, they must first detach their bodies from that stigma which dishonoured and disgraced them; for whatever might be our pity towards those who occupied the position of slaveholders, we considered slaveholding as disentitling men to the great rights of Christianity—(cheers).

Mr. Hone observed, that there had *not* been in that letter any mention of Slavery; and he did not know, from anything that he had ever heard, that any of the gentlemen signing were advocates of Slavery—(cheers).

Mr. Armstrong could enlighten the meeting on that point in a few seconds. With respect to the fifteen names attached to the document, eight of them were not to be found among the subscribers to the celebrated protest of American ministers against Slavery. Concerning one of these gentlemen (Dr. Parkman), a letter he had just received stated that he was one of the most pro-slavery men in all the North, and held abolitionism in scorn—(cheers, and cries of no, no).

The Rev. Mr. Boucher here endeavoured to address the meeting; but

Mr. Madge having obtained possession of the chair, proceeded to inquire by whom that had been said? for he (Mr. Madge) could be called a pro-slavery man, because he had not signed the first letter that was sent to America. It had been objected to the Association again and again, that it had introduced into its meetings topics quite irrelevant to the objects of the Association, and he thought that they ought to be careful not to incur such a charge, but let them meet on some other occasion for the discussion of this question—(hear).

Mr. Armstrong thought that the best way to bring this discussion to a conclusion would be to expunge the whole passage—(hear),—simply stating that, as this invitation had not come to us in an official manner from any association in America, that we, as an Association, were not at liberty to entertain their invitation—(hear). If the Association did take notice of it, he must venture to protest, with both his hands, against the complacent tone of that portion of the Report, because he connected the invitation with other circumstances which it was not possible to evade. The amount of this invitation was to call upon them to go upon the same platform with the holder of one hundred and twenty slaves—(hear). If they committed themselves in the slightest degree, or backed or evaded this question, they would commit a great blunder—(cheers).

Mr. H. C. Robinson seconded Mr. Madge's amendment, that that part that related to the communication from America, should be expunged from the Report.

The Rev. J. Murch was extremely sorry that this discussion had been brought on to-day—(hear). It seemed to him totally at variance with the most important objects of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association—(loud cries of No, no). It seemed to him that they had gone out of their way to raise a discussion on a question on which a great variety of opinions prevailed—(No, no). If there was any further interruption, he should immediately sit down. He claimed the privilege of being carefully heard by this assembly—(hear). He did not mean that various opinions were entertained in regard to the question of Slavery itself. He supposed there was scarcely a person in this assembly who did not agree with regard to the question of Slavery itself; but he thought that they should act as a body on this question, with some regard to consistency, and, as they had been year after year expressing their desire to fraternize with the American Unitarian Association, as they had received delegates from that association at their meetings, and passed resolutions expressive of sympathy with them in the great objects they had in view, it appeared to him inconsistent that they should all at once take objection to such passages of the Report as they had heard this morning,—a passage which did not pledge a single member of the Association to countenance Slavery. It seemed to him that after all they had done it would be very inconsistent to take the course they were about to take.

Mr. Hone thought that they were not pursuing a course that would aid Unitarian Christianity—(hear).

Rev. Mr. Boucher rose, for the purpose of vindicating the character of his friend, Dr. Parkman—(cheers). It had been said, that he was one of the most pro-slavery men of the North. He (Mr. B.) must protest against that. He had known Dr. Parkman, and met him often in Glasgow, and conversed with him on this question. True, he was not an Abolitionist, because he objected to the intemperate language used by the Abolitionists: but he knew no man who believed less that Slavery was right than he did—(cheers).

Mr. Thompson (from the United States) said that he was intimately acquainted [illegible] fifteen gentlemen who had signed that letter. He knew every one of these gentlemen abhorred Slavery—(hear)—as much as the most enthusiastic man or woman in this country. More, he was convinced of this. He called upon the gentleman who had charged Dr. Parkman, of Botson—than whom a more excellent and Christian man did not exist—with being pro-slavery, to give his authority for making this charge. He denied it—(cheers). He would assert to the contrary—and he was no advocate for Slavery himself, for he was an Englishman—(hear)—that not one of those fifteen gentlemen whose names were attached to the invitation had ever said a word in favour of Slavery in his life—(cheers). He made this broad assertion, and he would make another assertion, that Dr. Parkman differed from the Anti-Slavery societies, because he believed that they were pursuing a plan which only tended to rivet more strongly the fetters of Slavery—(hear). He would do everything in his power to unloose those fetters; but he opposed the Abolitionists, because he believed that they were pursuing a plan which would tighten, rather than loosen, the bonds of the slave.

Mr. Armstrong said that, with respect to the proslavery and non-slavery men in America, it seemed to him that there was a great distinction between those who put their hands to the work, in whatever way they could, and those who did not put their hands to the work at all—(hear). There were some who, when they saw the traveller fall into the hands of thieves, would go and help him, and some who would pass by on the other side. He believed that there was a class in America who maintained their respectability by keeping clear of the Anti-Slavery agitation; and he believed that Dr. Parkman was one of those who did not join any organization against Slavery. After mentioning the case of Dr. Gannet, as a proof of the utility of a decided expression of opinion on this point, as Dr. G. had now joined the Anti-Slavery agitation, Mr. Armstrong concluded by moving that the following be substituted for the resolution:—"That as this invitation does not emanate from any organized body in America, although it was sent through this office of this institution, we do not feel competent, under these circumstances, to entertain the subject of the invitation."

Mr. Madge rose amidst loud calls for Dr. Beard. He said, that of all the intolerant bigots he ever met with, some of those called Abolitionists were the most so—(great laughter and confusion).

Mr. Hart rose to order. Mr. Madge had made a motion, that motion had been seconded, and a gentleman was waiting to speak to that motion—(hear); and until Dr. Beard was heard, no man had a right to reply.

Mr. Madge made some further remarks, which the reporter was unable to catch, as two or three gentlemen were endeavouring to be heard.

The Rev. Dr. Beard rose amidst loud cheering. He was afraid that he should not throw oil upon the troubled waters, but he thought there was a previous question, and on that question he must take leave to say a few words. Strongly as he abhorred Slavery, he had been kept from joining the efforts of the Abolitionists of this country; because in searching the Gospel and his own heart, he could not see that he should be serving any good cause at all by sundering himself from—he would not say mistaken men, but—abandoned men. He did not mean to intimate that those slaveholders in America were all abandoned men; they were interested men. The question was one of extreme difficulty there; he could make every allowance for them, and still express his hearty discountenance of Slavery—(hear). He said there was a previous question, whether or not he was to sunder from all alliance with him; from all kind offices, from all recognition even of a common religion and brotherhood, a man, because he held slaves—a great wrong, no doubt—but because it was a very great wrong, he must show to that man every kind and friendly feeling. Why, if he would go, and if he admired those who did go, into the very dens of iniquity, and recognize a common humanity with, and try to rescue, the abandoned, the vicious, and the fallen, then he ought not to sunder their mistaken brethren in America; but endeavour to do them good by firm protests against their conduct—(hear). They had heard that the brethren who had tendered this invitation were not against the abolition of Slavery, but that one gentleman upon the list did nothing against Slavery. [Mr. Armstrong expressed dissent.] Then he (Dr. Beard) had not understood Mr. Armstrong's speech, and he should state it thus, that one gentleman on that list did nothing actively against Slavery. (hear, hear).

Mr. Tagart rose to speak to the question. The question before the meeting was this, should the passage which had been prepared, after considerable thought, by the committee, be expunged from the Report—(hear)? It had occurred to the gentlemen who had prepared this Report, that there was nothing in the invitation from America, which could have excited the feelings which have been expressed, or raised the discussions which had been brought on—(hear). The letter was one of the greatest kindness, to whomsoever it was addressed; there was not a word in it which he could not approve of, with which he did not feel sympathy, which did not touch some of his best feelings—(cheers). Much, that was perfectly irrevelant, had been said about the personal and private relations of the gentlemen who had signed that letter, and of those who had not signed it—(hear,) and with those relations we had nothing to do—(hear, hear). If they expunged this passage from the Report, they would raise in the minds of their Committee and Secretary such despair of ever satisfying the wishes of a body like this, that he, for one, should go back to his duties in connection with this Society, with a feeling of utter despair—(No, no, and hear.) He should be sorry indeed to overrule what might be the wishes of this Society, but he must say that this whold be his feeling—(cheers). He begged that this question might be considered, as what it was, a very serious question; let those only vote who were entitled to vote by being members of the Association—(hear, hear). He admitted, to a certain degree, that the mention of the letter was irregular, because the letter itself was irregular; but there was no other mode of dealing with the question but that which the Committee had adopted; he should be sorry, therefore, if the meeting resolved to expunge the passage.

At the suggestion of Mr. Wansey, Mr. Tagart again read the passage that was proposed to be expunged.

Mr. Armstrong said that, for one, if he stood alone in this Society, he would protest against that passage, emanating from this Society, unless some further notice was made in allusion to another matter that had come to their knowledge since the invitation had been received—(hear),—namely, that there was among the fifteen Vice-Presidents of the American Society a holder of slaves, the effect of which would be to place the members of this Society in juxtaposition with that person—(hear). Let them think of this crime of Slavery as they would think of certain other crimes; supposing that man was a perjurer, or any other violator of the laws of society, they would not knowingly go into religious association—then why should they with a slaveholder—(hear)?

Mr. Tagart could not allow that there was the slightest connection between the name of a person not mentioned in that paper, and the present question—(cries of Hear, hear).

Mr. Laurence thought, that if this letter were expunged from the Report, on the ground stated by Mr. Armstrong, this Association would be disgraced—(cheers, and cries of No, no). He hoped the Report would be allowed to stand as it was, as the letter did not touch upon the question of Slavery, and there was no reason for discussing it—(hear).

The Rev. E. Higginson briefly supported the retention of the passage in the Report.

Mr. Hornby reminded the meeting that several of the gentlemen whose signatures were appended to this Address had visited England, and had been received by us with open arms and hearts; and we were still individually in friendly communication with them. Would it not be somewhat inconsistent to throw back upon these gentlemen this kindly and well-meant invitation in return? Was not their being parties to it a sufficient guarantee to us; and should we not be careful to avoid the charge of suddenly becoming righteous over-much?

Rev. Wm. Maccall here attempted to address the meeting, but not being a member of the Association the chairman declined to hear him, and proceeded to put the amendment—"That the passage in the Report relating to the invitation from the Unitarian ministers of Boston, in America, be omitted."

Mr. Madge suggested the addition of "on account of its irrevelancy."

Mr. H. C. Robinson said, that it seemed to be supposed that the motion now submitted to the meeting proceeded from gentlemen entertaining one particular view; now, it seemed to be forgotten that the gentleman who made this motion (Mr. Madge) was all but the reviler of the Abolitionists, while his seconder was almost the reviler of the defenders of Slavery. These two gentlemen agreed in this motion, he apprehended, because by omitting that passage, the whole controversy would be evaded, they would say nothing at all about it, and it was impossible to say anything about it without being involved in a controversy—(hear).

The amendment was then put, when fifteen hands were held up in its favour, the motion that the Report stand as it is, was then carried by a large majority.

Communications.

The following letter comes to us from the South. Whether the writer speaks in earnest, or in irony, we leave the reader to judge.

Letter from the South.

SIR:—I address this to you, to express the feelings which I entertain of your aiders, abettors, and corroborators of the North,—every one of you, from Mason & Dixon to Niagara, and from Dan to Beersheba. That you have done, and are doing, much to sap the foundations of law, of union, of society itself, I entertain no doubt. So far as your labours affect your Northern people, I am perfectly indifferent [illegible] whole of you in the most profound contempt, from Daniel Webster, your godlike, whose nose we are now gently leading by our hook farther South, and your demagogue, Dallas, who jumped about in his dimity, at hearing of his nomination for a high office, and your Cushing, whom we have tuned to fight our battles, and mark time to our drum-beat, down to the vilest Garrison himself, and his brother-in-law, Douglass. You are all a dough-faced, spiritless and soppy set, from the stupid Bœotian of Pennsylvania wooden-heads, to the most sycophantic and mercenary office-hunter of an Albany regency. Those of you who cannot be coaxed, we are never at a loss for other means of bending beneath our wills. And how is it? do you suppose. I will tell you, Sir. Why, we *kick* you into submission. Your whole people are much of the same kidney, and though we tolerate those of you who truckle beneath us, yet we cannot, in our own circles and in the freemasonry of our Southern bar-rooms and convivial conversations, avoid despising your general cowardice, and ridiculing your pretensions to true manliness, or to individual and personal honour. You have not one man of true national spirit, and high-born native dignity or fearless independence, throughout your limits, from Nauvoo to Nahant. Personal political honesty and honour, and the elevated, noble breeding of a noble man, is unknown among your productions. That you are all a cringing and mercenary set of men, our floors of Congress have proved for sixty odd years. Not one of you ever dared to stand with a Southerner face to face, and carry out his "Northern principles." You all know how to dodge, and compromise. 'Tis an act at which you have been adepts since the days of Knickerbocker. A Northern man has never yet been found who was fit to be trusted as the commander-in-chief of an army. Nor dare you propose a man for the Presidency, who dares avow himself "a Northern man with Northern feelings." If ever one is elected from your States, he comes sneaking in, and apologizing with sycophancy, by *pretending* to be a "Northern man with Southern feelings." Such was your boasted Van Buren, than whom a more venal, intriguing, and mercenary sycophant, was never foisted to the Presidential chair. You never yet brought out a man, a Northern man, with Northern feelings, who dared so to avow himself, nor ever *can*, with any prospect of success. His face will grow pale at the fires we will heat his chair with. Your whole material of voters are fit only for the ranks of the army, which they fill—and often not even for the ranks. I regard them on a par with our slaves. They are of the same grade in worth, in spirit, and in desert. They *dare* not aspire above their caste. As such, you serve us in our wars at the South, and Southwest. As such, you *have* served us, commanded, and drilled, and officered, and *mastered*, by your betters, the sons of Southern *slaveholders*, and as such, you ever *shall* serve us, in despite of your twistings, and throes. We fear the rise of no influence or voice, in the Southern non-slaveholding population, against Slavery. They are ours, and with us, by common sympathy and necessity. The whole mass of your Northern States and people, have never yet *dared* to face us against our peculiar institution. We *have* mastered you, and we do master you, and we intend to keep you mastered. We know how to manage you, Sir. And no principle is more firmly established among us, than our own common, unwritten, silent laws, which underlie the fabric of the Government, and demand of us, that 1st. No Northern man shall, if possible, ever be President; 2d. No Northern man shall ever be President, unless he first bows his head to our shibboleth of "Southern principles;" 3d. No Northern man with Northern principles, shall ever be President, without an immediate dissolution of Government; 4th. All offices of importance shall be filled by slaveholders, especially in the army and navy, and foreign embassies; 5th. All new appointments to army or navy, shall, as far as possible, without too gross monopoly, be dispensed to sons of the slaveholding interest, and where we are obliged to depart from these principles, to avoid too gross monopoly, they shall only be awarded to such Northerners as avow themselves subservient to us. I am candid with you, Sir, and care not how soon you dissolve the Union. You know which side your bread is buttered, from the wharves and shipping of New-York, to the factory holes of Lowell. Yes, Sir, these are the pokers which we mean to poke, and Polk, and poke into you, twist, and tort as much as you please. Slavery is your master, Sir, and you shall have your Northern bellies full of it. While we make you fight for us, *in the ranks*, under Slavery's officers, and in a foreign land, we will close the avenues of official station against any of you, who refuses to bow his neck in submission beneath the shibboleth we mean to put to him. We scorn your craven-heartedness in the light of day, and on every public rostrum we defy your vain contortions to throw us off from you. Those among you, who advocate our own interests, we hold in equal contempt. We know their motives, and the stuff of which they are made. We despise their subserviency to *our* own, instead of their own proper local interests, and we care not how soon they desert us. They would desert our cause at any moment, for any cast away crust, or for a marrow-bone. They only procrastinate that dissolution of Union which we desire, but which you *dare* not, for your own stomach's sake, attempt. They know whence their daily provender comes unto their maws, and they *dare* not otherwise than truckle to us. It is we that feed them, as we do our negroes, and our cattle, and we feel no gratitude, not an atom, for all their truckling. We neither fear their hostility, nor care for their friendship. We despise ye all alike, and ye are all so much purchasable stuff. We have, and we *can* master you all together. We have got you *down*, Sir, and down we mean to keep you, and ride you, and if necessary, lash you. The plaints of your woman kind shall not save you from our mastery. If they attempt to infuse new spirit into you, we can, and will do as we have done, make you even in *their* presence, lick the rod that lashes you. You are not the first that we have taught to feel the stripes, Sir, whether it be of leather, or of literary truth, or of political history. Who ever yet, in our national councils, has shown himself from the Northern States, who has dared to carry out his private Northern, and *true* feelings, or to face, without an innate *sense* of hypocrisy, the open and proud bearing of our noble South? Not one. No, Sir, not one. When you travel among us, you are playing the hypocrite in your conversations with us, and we wink at you, and laugh at your cowardly concealments. Your very education unfits you all for the feeling that throbs the blood with an innate sense of self-nobility. We here at the South, Sir, understand you all better than ye do yourselves. When such as your Van Buren, or Webster, affect to be our friends, we in our hearts loathe the mean motives that are coiled up in the substrata of their Northern mercenary, dough-faced hearts concealed. When you travel among us, we may treat the more subservient of you with some politeness, and receive them with courtesy, or even hospitality. This, our habits and our principles dictate to us, but, Sir, not our instincts.

Sir, the very sense that one is from the North, sends an imperceptible, perfusive atmosphere all around, which, though unperceived by such Northerner, the nose of every Southerner instantly detects. The interior contempt, which every Southerner immediately feels for a Northerner among us, at his very presence, and the pervasion of the freemasonry of his indescribable feelings, are as sensible to his own fellow Southerners, as are the odors that steam forth from a negro camp-meeting. You Northerners are as deficient in the former sensation, as in the latter sense. Your obtuseness is our amusement. Your ablest and most learned men,—the Gospel ministers whom you have occasionally sent to live among us,—are obliged to confess, by their daily ways, that the negro race is not of Adam, but between man and the ourang-outang. We know ye well, Sir, and too well for our own satisfaction. We know your tongues are longer than your arms, your words than your deeds, and that your innate and boy-taught economy is, in every grown one of you, especially if [illegible] to make him gulp greedily at any official sop we'll throw at him or you. Our national history proves this truth, from John Q. Adams, whose jaws snatched at more public offices than all of you together, to Daniel Webster, who ever belonged, body and soul, to those who own him, and the thrall now of his true masters. We know there was *never* a Northern politician, from Martin Van Buren to Swartwout, but was venal, and had his price, from Marcy, who would bribe a Santa Anna foeman, to a Marcy, who would have his breeches mended at the expense of his native State. Such is the *patriotism* of your best men. Dissolve the Union as quick as you please, Sir. It will be a happy riddance for us. I would earnestly entreat you to dissolve it if you *dare*. But, Sir, instead of threatening, and talking, and begging, why do you not *act*, and *do* it? Sir, ye all are hypocrites. You all know your own interests, and fleshpots, and your whole mass is like yourself, except in degree. It is only because you have openly and boldly avowed their common and true feelings, which, however, they are too craven to allow at their ballot-boxes, so as to face us on an arena, that I thus far give credit to your isolated candor and frankness. We know the whole North. They hate Slavery, but they dare not, aye, dare not budge by act or by deed of self-reliance against it. Sir, the first of you which shall confront the mastery with which we awe you in the national councils, him will we make to lick the dust, or else do what you are all well accustomed to doing, swallow down again your own vain words. Sir, we Southerners have a kind of innate contempt of you all that we cannot divest ourselves of. Call it what you please, think of it as you please, still, socially it exists. It cannot be rid from us. We may fete your Van Buren, or your Webster, but we deride their craven-heartedness of principle, and of action, when we think of them, as Northern men with foreign principles. Do you idolize them, Sir? I tell you, sirs, we have sopped them; though we condemn their sycophancy, yet we sop them for the purpose of fattening our Southern mould, by adding their son's carcasses to our negroes' sweat, and making of them a fit compost to build up a slaveholding Zach. Taylor, whom you will instinctively fall down unto, and worship. We make of him another Washington, and another Jackson, for you to bow down to, as to your earthly God. Yes Sir, I glory in the mastery we ever have, and so long as this Government lasts, are determined we ever *shall* hold you under, Sir. Every cup of coffee, and spoonful of tea, which your women prepare for your tables, or your children sip, throughout the extent of your land, does, and shall, in despite of your fret, pay its tax, and its contribution to maintain the just thraldom in which we hold you, and uphold that proper supremacy which the South ought justly to possess, in our national executive arms of every department. Yes, Sir, I glory in our natural superiority over you, in spirtt and mind, as well as in body. You shall be taught, and be made to bow to such idols and blocks, as we choose to set up for you, and your vile rabble shall bow unto them. And if you refuse, we tell you before we do it, for we *have* often done it, and will do it again, that we will *kick* you into submissiveness. As to your dough-faced characteristic, I have nothing to say; you may or may not be dough-faces for aught I care, but this I tell you, that if any one of you dares to be brass-face we have a mallet which will hammer it into proper shape, and a fire which will fuse it, just as efficaciously as the lash we apply to our slaves. I scorn your slanders. I defy your united hostility. You call us cruel tyrants. Well, say we are, still you of the North are not the men that dare to meet us, face to face in open charge, and on a field upon which you can make good your empty threats. You may common school your boys from their childhood up against us, but Sir, we have a counter remedy, and our very children already know how to feel in their young hearts, an innate contempt for a Northerner. They imbibe from their mothers' milk into the circulation of their blood, that proud spirit of contempt of your whole mass, which will ever be a tower of defiance to laugh you to scorn, or a fury to trample you into respect, and submission. Sir, we defy your hostility, whether as Unionists, or as Disunionists, or as Abolitionists, or as Northerners. We defy you, and we challenge you to the battles which you threaten. Buckle on your armour quick as you please, we are ready for you. In war, we will bullet you, in peace, we will lash you, and if you writhe under its smart, we will still lash and lash you into proper Northern submissiveness. You are born, and the children of your women are born, to obey the South, by land, and by sea, in peace, and in war, and in every ramification of Government; and your prattling boys have down here their future Southern *masters*, whether in Senate, or army, or navy, or bar, or diplomacy. The dirty children playing and swarming in your streets, of mingled breed, and mongrel race, Irish, Yankee, High Dutch, Low Dutch, and Wolverines, are fit companions for our growing negroes, and it is in the nature and true fitness of things, that, when grown up, they ought to, and must, obey our Southern children. Our mere boys possess more of the spirit of command, and spirit of executive action, than do your grown-up drone mass of movable machine-worked voters. It is in the *nature* of their comparative education, and growth of habits, to be thus ever superior, and this superiority will maintain itself superior, by the same law whereby the stormy wind overrides and lashes the sluggish waters. We hold your common school boys, in all their rabbled numbers, as par companions, in caste and class, with our young servile broods, and when grown up, they will find themselves, like their fathers before them, ruled and ridden by *our* gallant *boys*, and their manhoods drilled into that obedience to their natural superiors in training. We instil into our boys, these principles as duties of life. We inculcate that proud bearing, which will keep you in eternal inferiority. I am candid with you, Sir, and do not disguise it, because I have not one pulsation of fear as to the perfect ever-continuing, and inevitable triumph of our position. It will, and must ever triumph, Union or no Union, with the same truth of verity, as does a law of nature, the same truth and law, which makes sulphur and saltpetre, easily combinable by charcoal and fire. Our boys and descendants, must and ever *will* rule you and yours. It is a law of fate, and of nature, which you cannot escape. It is as natural as that the sun breeds maggots, and its warmth gives life.

Our children are superior to Northern men in rank, gallantry, taste, courteousness, delicacy, and chivalry, and in every virtue which ennobles man. You know that your females, your girls, your daughters, are destitute of that refined delicacy, and grace, and conscious ease of feminine gentleness, that are made to inspire the masculine virtues of manhood into the male sex. Their monotonous sameness of association, and dreary, desert equality of rank, from your lady mistress to your little *helps*, from earliest childhood, rob your mothers of all ability for breeding or training a noble being, or a full blooded champion of a heroic spirit. Those which start well, like your Arnolds, soon degenerate into their native sordidness, or like your Hulls, into their native cowardice. So much at present, for your vile attacks against the South. This you know to be truth, and your cup needs some Southern sugar.

JAMES RUFFNER.

P. S. Though but few slaveholders are in our army in Mexico, yet these few have, as they must and ought to have, the control of all its destinies, from the law and principle of organization itself. The Southern non-slaveholders in the army, are as naturally our instruments, as the Northern mobocracy are the instruments of your own wire-pullers, and capitalists. This is the law of human society, and as without it, society cannot exist, so it is that I can never be made to fear any effects whatever, of any of your hostility to us. While the general prominent traits of Southern character, are generosity, frankness, gallantry, those of your own must from your economy and social system, necessarily be invention, subtlety, venality, artful dodging, and sophistry. These pervading [illegible] life, respe[illegible] Northern and Southern mankind, necessarily render you all, as you are, inferior by *nature* to the South, and, therefore, kick as you please, still you will find yourself mastered by the laws of creation itself, and will remain forever as you have remained, inferior in action, in deed, in talent, in capacity, and in fearless personal bravery. In masculine courage, your education must ever make you inferior, and by the same laws, your women must remain inferior in feminine delicacy, gentleness, grace, and in all the charming tacts and beauties of soft excellence. Nature, therefore, precludes the training of one perfect *man* among you. If it did not, still we *fear you not*.

J. R.

Letter from David Waite.

FRIEND GAY:—The interest that I feel in the steady onward course of the abolition society has not abated in the least. I feel confident that if the society continue to manifest their zeal, interest, wisdom, and united strength, for the help of the down-trodden slave, and against the oppressor of the brethren in bonds, it will in due time arrive at the desired means that will take the foot of the oppressor off from its victim.

We have no union with slaveholders: let them live North, or South! We have no union with any Church or State, that holds men, women, and children in perpetual bondage! The time has arrived when all honest men should come out of this unholy union, and lift their voices against the mighty waves of oppression that are dashing to pieces so many poor in this and foreign lands.

We sometimes get a few lectures from the Liberty party men in these northern counties, but the Garrison school have not been here to lighten up our path. The Liberty party all think the Constitution of the States sound and good. I suppose it is because the principles contained in the Constitution have grown and increased the number of slaves from six hundred thousand to three millions, and slave territory in a similar ratio. The professed churches at the North all have their foot on the slave, (there are some honourable exceptions) and the two great pro-slavery parties, (the Democrats and Whigs,) stand on the North-American churches, and thus hold the Constitution that binds the slave in this elevated position.

Now then we can see, that in order to save the Constitution from falling, the Liberty party [illegible] Constitution to be Anti-Slavery, so that the Church, and the political parties, can all support the Union, and the Constitution. Hence Slavery has nothing to fear from the Church, or Liberty party, or the other two great parties, as these can all frame to pronounce the shibboleth of the slavocracy. If the Church, or any of these parties attempt to move against the peculiar institution, they have got to tug, and pull all of the rest along. Hence we see that none of these parties above named can command power enough to move off the curse.

If therefore, the Anti-Slavery Society can do anything to help the crushed slave under such a mighty mass of rotten churches, and political parties, all united together by a rotten Constitution, then we shall be pleased to see the work progressing.

Hence if we make an attack on either of these four parties; the Church, or either of the three political parties, we have all of the rest to contend with. For the Union and Constitution is sustained by them all.

Therefore the Anti-Slavery Society must open its fire on all these discordant elements at once, and continue it, until all of this rotten mass is dissolved, and the light of truth, and the love of liberty, and justice, prevails, to dispel the cloud of moral darkness that now hangs over our national glory.

It is evident that the Constitution is pro-slavery, and that no truly enlightened man can vote or hold office under it. Our true position is to stand still and see the salvation of God. Who will rule the present Government to do away Slavery? We trust in God and not in our power, or powder; and God will overrule this nation's movements to humble its pride and to do away its oppressive laws, that holds its millions in bondage. In doing this many nations may be used. As we delight not in the use of the cartridge-box and musket, we shall not use that other box, called ballot-box, which is just before the cartridge-box. This position will make us free from all oaths and obligations, to do unholy and unjust acts for the Government. This entire nation is bound by its Constitution, and the decisions of its supreme courts, to hold all of the present slaves, and their children, in bondage forever. Therefore we can not rejoice in the present position of our nation.

This Mexican war is only the fruits that the nation is bound to bear by its Constitution. It could not perhaps have developed its principles in any other form, better than in this war. We do not feel bound to do an unjust act because our Government requires it of us.—Therefore, as we cannot swear to carry out the pro-slavery principles, and life-taking principles, of the Government and its Constitution, we feel safe to stand on the sea of glass mingled with the fire of truth, saying to the nations (in the spirit of love) let the oppressed go free! Take off thy heel from thy brother's neck, that he may stand erect in the image in which he was created that thy brother may walk in the liberty that thou dost enjoy. If we have love to God for creating us, and bestowing so many blessings upon us, then let us take off every yoke that detracts from God's image in our oppressed brother.

DAVID WAITE.

6th mo. 7th, 1847.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1847.

"What does Gen. Taylor Want?"

"While the battle," says the Tribune, "raged fiercest at Buena Vista, and the victory was yet doubtful, Santa Anna dispatched a messenger to Gen. Taylor to inquire what he wanted"?

It was a significant question. One which the soldier in the heat and dust of the conflict might well have paused to ponder upon, and answer as a man.

Perhaps he did think of it, but could give only the soldier's answer. At least no more fitting reply could be made than his reported words at another time, to those around him,—"Give 'em hell!"

But "what does Gen. Taylor want?" What, rather, want Gen. Taylor's masters? What want a Christian Republic that its soldiers should stand there upon a foreign soil, and butcher its people? Are those people tyrants, or tyrant's instruments? Do they curse the earth they tread upon, making it red with blood of slaves?—Are they under the ban of the Almighty, and should all good men hate them, and rush as on a new crusade to exterminate them from the face of the earth? Is it a part of the mission of this great Republic, that in obedience to the law of progress, and that it may realize the hope of the universal democracy, it should hunt down these miserable Mexicans, and spread over their fair land the blessings of freedom of true peace, and good will to men? The history of the world has, here and there, a page whereon is recorded that some virtuous, and vigorous nation has struck down some giant tyranny that has been suffered to exist too long. And history is full of stories where tyranical power has overthrown and subjugated its weaker neighbours that its own wrong might flourish and spread, and live the longer. How will the future history of the present day tell the story of this Mexican War?

But it matters little what history shall say of it. A people who are so reckless of what they do, need care little for what posterity may say of them. However more infernal than all other wars that were ever waged this war may be, however infamous may have been the "want" of Gen. Taylor, and Gen. Taylor's masters, when two multitudes of men stood all day long and shot at and killed each other at Buena Vista, its infamy belongs not now to the administration at Washington, to its party, or its servants. There was never more completely a national war. The servile press, with the Tribune at its head, that denounced it a few months ago in obedience to what seemed then to be the popular voice of the North, has learned its mistake. The successful bandit-captain, the clear-headed, and heartless, and conscienceless soldier, who knows no higher duty than obedience to orders, is now the darling of the people, and is proclaimed the only man worthy of the people's choice as their ruler. And herein is his great merit—that he has slaughtered a great many men—has made thousands of widows and orphans—has made desolate many a happy home—has successfully carried out the commands of his superiors, and robbed a neighbour-Government of its territory, that Slavery may extend the farther, and live the longer. Other merit than this is not claimed for him, except indeed that he writes short despatches—a quality, however good it may be, it seems to be forgotten, might well give way to that which would have no such cause for dispatches whether long or short. Whatever it was that Gen. Taylor has wanted on behalf of his Government in Mexico, it seems pretty certain that he will get on his private account more than he ever dreamt of. For the "hell" he gave the Mexicans he will get Heaven in return—at least the only Heaven that Americans believe in—the Paradise of the highest office and the largest salary. So much do the virtuous and enlightened people of these United States hate a war for conquest and Slavery.

DR. BURNS, THE FREE CHURCH DELEGATE.—A Corespondent of the Era says that Dr. Burns, who was one of the Delegates of the Free Church of Scotland to this country, and is now a settled minister at Toronto, Canada West, wrote to the Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, as follows, in reply to an invitation to speak at their Anniversary:

> In other circumstances, I certainly would have responded favorably to your invitation. I consider the position which so many of the American churches have assumed, regarding Slavery, as a most unfortunate one; and if one thing vexes me more than another in regard to it, it is the sophistry by which that position has been attempted to be upheld. That the Free Church of Scotland will soon come to see it in this light, I have not the smallest doubt; for she is honest, and has been misled by an amiable reliance on those whom she esteems, and of whose sentiments on other subjects she cordially and justly approves.

☞ We have received the first number of a handsome sheet published at Cincinnati, and called "The Daily [illegible]" edited by our old friend, John A. Collins. It bears an excellent motto—"Independent in all things, neutral in nothing." The paper is mainly devoted to temperance, but the publishers "will ever consider it as a privilege and pleasure to contribute their mite to al in giving efficiency, success, and importance to the religious, moral, and philanthropic movements which are shedding the light of Christian benevolence into the dark corers of our habitable earth, and which in their PEACEFUL embrace, must ultimately girt the globe." We wish th "Queen City" all success.

PENNSYLVANIA HALL.—We lear[illegible] by private letters from Philadelphia, that in acc[illegible]ance with the decision of the Supreme Court [illegible] Pennsylvania, the County Commissioners have [illegible] to the Trustees of the Pennsylvania Hall Ass[illegible]tion, the sum of $27,942, 77. This amount, w[illegible] understand, will pay the liabilities of the Associati[illegible] and will leave, it is said, a small surplus to be [illegible]ed among the stockholders. It is nine years th[illegible] month since the Hall was burnt, but this partial [illegible]e, though tardy, is better late than never.

ERRATA.—Several errors of [illegible] were made in last week's paper, as follows: The [illegible] on fourth page, entitled, "Our Want," should [illegible] been credited to the "Dublin Nation." The Re[illegible] 2d page of the Proceedings of the Presbyterian [illegible]bly, should have been dated Cincinnati, and cre[illegible] to the Tribune. In the editorial article upon th[illegible] first line, first column, third page, for "it [illegible]d," read "it is assumed." In the notice of th[illegible] of Wm. Field, of London, the words "Denm[illegible] and the syllable "land," in the two last lines were transposed, as the reader would doubtless observe.

☞ We send the Haverhill Gazette the number asked for, with our acknowledments for the good word spoken for the Standard.

☞ We regret to see in the Cincinnati papers the announcement of the death of John Van Zandt.

THE NEW LIBERTY PARTY have nominated Gerrit Smith and Elihu Burritt for President and Vice President.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XIX.

THE ARGUMENT. *Bunker's Hill day.—Funniments of American Character.—Advent of Mr. Polk—His merits. Comical Whig notions.—Gnat-straining and Camel-Swallowing.—The Correspondent illustrateth aptly.—He showeth what consistency requires of Boston and Massachusetts Whigs.—Relateth the measures taken by the manufacturers and the merchants, and describeth their banners.—Unlucky illness of the Defender of the Constitution.—Ill Effects of a Toad diet.—Divers rejoicings and divertisements in preparation for the delectation of the President.—Heroic self-devotion of Gen. Taylor.—The correspondent expoundeth his Presidential preferences, and quoteth the Game Chicken.—Mr. Alcott and his President of the Uinted States.—The Prison Discipline Society and its quarrel.—Family likeness to New Org.—Real question at issue.—Impregnable position and arguments of Mr. Sumner and Dr. Howe, and the way they are treated.—The correspondent openeth this Scripture, and showeth wherefore Pilate and Herod are reconciled.—He showeth how strange bedfellows are brought acquainted.—Unitarianism and Calvinism.—Good religion enough for the poor.—Sermons and turtle-soup.—The correspondent concludes his discourse with an "Improvement," &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, June 17th, 1847.

This is a day, as you will see it you will look at my date, which this funniest of all possible nations makes one of its few festivals. Most nations celebrate the anniversaries of battles which they have won, and erect monuments to record their victories; but it is only this great people, I believe, that thus glorifies the time and the place of a *licking* they once caught. John Tyler was certainly a fit presiding divinity, (especially as he carried a slave with him upon the hill.) and Daniel Webster a suitable officiating priest, to assist at the Inauguration of the Monument to American Humbug on Bunker's Hill, some four or five years ago. The Charlestown people are celebrating the day this *afternoon*, thus showing that like Mrs. Gilpin,

> "Though on pleasure they are bent,
> They have a frugal mind;"

for thereby they not only avoid interfering with the regular hours of business, but also the necessity of a public dinner. They have an escort, a procession, an oration from a *Reverend* Mr. Somebody-or-other, whom I never heard of before, and have forgotten his name, and I dare say any quantity of other magnificences suitable to the occasion.

Apropos to John Tyler's visit. I suppose you know we are living in hopes of one shortly from his illustrious successor, the Great Conqueror of Mexico,—*Mexicanus* he would have been surnamed, had he had the good luck to have been an Old Roman, himself, instead of only being the neighbour and nominee of one. This prospect, however, has given occasion to some of those funny manifestations of the American character, the enjoyment of which is all that makes existence in this country endurable. The Daily Advertiser and some of the other old Whig organs have been turning up their respectable noses at the expected advent, and intimating that the cold shoulder should be turned to him, as a testimony against his conduct in the matter of the war! "Here 's richness for you," with a vengeance, which well may vie with that which made fat the ribs of Whackford Squeers, himself! The men whose gullets were wide enough to swallow at a gulp two such thumping dromedaries as Deacon Briggs, and Mr. Winthrop, making wry faces as they strain at a poor little gnat like Mr. Polk! Why, it is like Mother Midnight, or Mother Cole turning their backs upon some poor Doll Tearsheet, because of their inordinate virtue!

It is due to the consistency of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, to give Mr. Polk such a reception as never President had before, not excepting Washington himself. There was never one whose public conduct received such an unequivocal seal [illegible] probation as was given to his at the last election. All who voted for Governor Briggs, as well as all th[illegible] Democrats, are bound, if they have any regard for comm[illegible] consistency (a very uncommon thing, by the way,) to [illegible]ow to the person of Mr. Polk, the respect which th[illegible] have proved themselves by their actions, to feel for his [illegible]ublic policy. And I am happy to be assured that this wi[illegible] be done. I believe that I violate no confidence, when I state that at a late meeting of the manufacturers, it was voted to escort the President, in a body into the city, headed by two of the most eminent of their number, each bearing a banner, the one having for an inscription, "Do what you will, it is *too late* to resist!" and the other: "Resistance to Tyrants—*may be attended with bad results!*" At a numerously attended meeting of merchants, also, it was resolved to show the President the same mark of respect, and JOHN H. PEARSON, Esq. was appointed to lead the procession, displaying a banner presenting a slave whipped to death for running away, with a Boston slave ship in the distance, and the motto, "*Sarved him right!*"

It is earnestly hoped that the Defender of the Constitution, will be so far recovered from the surfeit under which he is now suffering, in consequence of an excessive indulgence in Toads, during his late Southern tour, (an article of diet much affected by Northern Statesmen in Southern latitudes,) as to be able to perform the act of homage on behalf of Massachusetts to her Paramount Lord,—a part which his frequent rehearsals of late, at the South, have eminently fitted him to perform. It is intended to entertain the President with a bonfire on the Common, in which all the Resolves of the State relating to Slavery, to the Annexation of Texas, and other kindred subjects, [illegible] An effigy of the Hon. Samuel Hoar will be, at the same time, suspended from a gallows prepared for the purpose, (unless the original can be provided, instead,) as a slight atonement for the insult offered by Massachusetts, through him, to the sovereign power of the nation. An attempt, also, will be made to unearth a fugitive slave, of whom it is believed there are many burrowing about this city, so that His Excellency the President, may be gratified with the sight of a Slave Hunt in the streets of Boston. In short, it is believed that no pains will be spared to make his visit agreeable to the Guest of the city, and honourable to his Hosts.

Talking of Presidents, reminds me to say that I cordially agree with you in your appreciation of the patriotic self-devotion of General Taylor, in being ready to be offered up an unwilling victim on the Presidential altar, should the sacrifice be demanded by *his* country. Leonidas, and Curtius, and Decius, and all the rest of them, may stand aside, and make way for Zachary, the Confessor. And then his humility in hoping that a better man may be found! But you know merit is ever modest.

Modest as he is, however, the next President he will assuredly be. This I see, although I admit he is not my first, nor yet my second choice. People are usually very non-committal as to their Presidential preferences until the nomination is regularly made. But I despise such time-serving. I make it no secret that my first choice for President is Mr. Garrison; and my second, if that cannot be arranged, is Mr. Calhoun. Give me, for my money, a man that knows what he would be at, and goes at it. One who is capable of following the advice of the Game Chicken, Mr. Foot's boxing master, in Dombey, to that gentleman when he asked his opinion as to the management of a love affair. "When your

man's before you, and your work cut out, go in and do it!" Such a man, I apprehend my second choice, as well as my first, to be.

As to my first choice, I do not know that I have anything left to desire in this respect, if I may believe what was once said to me by that most excellent man, and spiritual philosopher, mine honoured friend, Amos Bronson Alcott. I was one day talking over public matters with Mr. Alcott, who, it is well known, has a way of his own of looking at things, and a corresponding utterance to express his ideas, and among other things, Mr. Van Buren, then President, was mentioned. "Martin Van Buren!" exclaimed Mr. Alcott, in his deliberately emphatic manner, "people suppose that Martin Van Buren is the President of the United States! But they are mistaken. *Garrison* is the President of the United States!" This "Orphic Saying" I leave for the consideration of those who are worthy to understand it.

The quarrel in the Prison Discipline Society, of which I told you somewhat in my last letter, though "a very pretty quarrel" as it then stood, has been growing prettier ever since. It puts one amazingly in mind of our old New Organization battles. There is the same avoiding of the true issues, the same making of false ones, the same attempts to divert attention from the actual question raised to the unpopular characteristics of the persons who have raised it. The only question raised by Mr. Charles Sumner and Dr. S. G. Howe, the chiefest sinners in this matter, was simply this: shall the Prison Discipline Society be a partisan and sectarian body, devoting itself to magnifying of the Auburn system, and the misrepresenting or the neglect of all others; and shall it use its influences, as far as they extend, to the spreading of Calvinism, or shall it be the medium of diffusing light as to all systems, without giving the preponderance to the method or the doctrines of any particular sect,—the Society being composed of persons of all religious opinions, and in a great proportion of Unitarians.

This appears all plain enough. The position is one absolutely right, and nobody has attempted to invalidate it. The arguments of Mr. Sumner and Dr. Howe are perfectly conclusive and unanswerable, and nobody has attempted to answer them in any substantial particular. And yet, to read the squibs in the newspapers, and to hear what is said in private, and by "honourable men," too, one would suppose that they were attempting to maintain some atrocious theory at war with the best interests of the human race, by arguments, the folly of which could only be equalled by their depravity! Wise men shake their heads in alarm, and pronounce these worthy gentlemen to be the most dangerous men in the community! The platform is crowded, night after night, with eager disputants, full of fire and fury, against them, but signifying nothing to the matter formally in hand.

Now there is something underlying all this, of which this demonstration is the manifestation. It is not the Congregate and the Separate systems; for the great mass of those that talk about this matter, in and out of the Society, do not care a button whether convicts are confined alone or in herds, so they are kept out of their way. It is not a conflict between Calvinism and Unitarianism; for Unitarians are as virulent as Calvinists in their attacks upon the imaginary foes they have conjured up. It is the conflict between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy in the boadest sense of the words,—between the old and the new,—between those who believe only in things as they are, and those who wish to make them better. When men venture to differ, however moderately, from this American world of ours, as to such vital matters as War, Slavery, and Hanging, and especially when they find fault with regular Whig candidates, and run opposition tickets, they will find Pilate and Herod ready enough to be at one to crucify them. They must make up their minds to be marked men, to be crushed on the first opportunity.

"Hic niger est; hunc tu cavelo, Romane!"

This coalition between technical orthodoxy and Unitarianism for the purpose of putting down odious individuals, is nothing strange to those who have been brought up in the Unitarian camp. Multitudes of birthright Unitarians (to use a Quakerism), and many who came in by convincement, (to use another,) years ago, are heartily frightened at the fulfilment of orthodox prophesies as to whither Unitarianism would lead, in doctrine, and at the practical agitations which have been historically subsequent to the Unitarian movement, if not logically consequent upon it. I have no doubt that if these alarmists should find themselves by any accident in the Genius Phanor's Palace of Truth, they would confess that they are sorry the schism ever took place, and that they only wish that they could put everything back where it was fifty years ago.

And as to the particular matter of this Society being under Calvinistic influences, it is a thing very few Unitarians would care anything about. I have a notion that most Unitarians rather like the idea of Unitarianism being "caviar to the general;" and are well inclined to consider Calvinism, in any of its forms, as a very good sort of religion for the common people, for the poor, the labouring classes, and the convicts. And so they have no objection to helping them to it; as a turtle-fed Alderman may smack his lips over a bowl of charity soup, and pronounce it to be "excellent food for the poor!" Not that I mean to compare the generality of Unitarian preaching to turtle soup. Heaven forbid! Though esteemed something of a Grahamite for some years past, I have too tender a remembrance of *callipash* and *callipee* for that!

It is this view of the real nature of this division in the Prison Discipline Society that makes it of any general and permanent importance. It is the consciousness of this truth whether embodied distinctly to the mind, or not, that has excited the interest that has been felt in it, by those engaged in the conflict, and by the lookers-on. It will undoubtedly work out good in the important field of Prison Reform. But I hope that the gentlemen who have shown so much zeal and knowledge in behalf of the offenders against man's laws, will make themselves yet more odious, and come to be regarded as yet more "dangerous men" by giving themselves with equal devotion to the destruction of the system which makes the one nation in this land hopeless prisoners for no crime, and the other their cruel, mean, and cowardly keepers.

D. Y.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Death of O'Connell.—Reception of the news in Ireland.—His Influence for the last twelvemonth.—Probable place of his Sepulture.—Young Ireland—their character—their charges against the British Government.—The writer visits the County of Mayo.—Shocking condition of the people.—His account of it.—Counties of Mayo and Galway.—Duty of the Irish people.—New Poor Law.—Probable change in the tenure of land.—A Prophecy.—Exaggerated fears of death from starvation.—Catholic Priests.—An instance of their conduct.—"Come-outerism" from the Catholic Church.—Districts of Erris, Connaught, and Galway.—Relief inadequate to the distress.—Slaveholder's bounty, and purchase of Douglass.—Prospect of Crops.

DUBLIN, May 30, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY:—O'Connell is dead. He died at Genoa on the 15th of this month. This event, which some years ago would have been fraught with such important consequences, has excited a surprisingly insignificant manifestation of interest here. The Repeal newspapers, to be sure, make capital out of it, and are clad in all the pomp of heavy mourning borders, but there are no gatherings of groups in the streets, no lengthened, sorrowful countenances, no manifestation of popular concern, nothing to show that the most celebrated man of his nation—the most world-famous man of the age,—the wielder of a nation's will—has departed. My own impression is, that owing to his coalition with the present Government, his virtual abandonment of the repeal cause, his quarrel with the Young Irelanders, and the terrible shock which the country has received from the Potato Blight, his influence was never at so low an ebb, as within the past twelve months. The people feel that their diseases are such as his remedies could never reach. They do not regret him as they would have done if he had vanished from the scene when they believed all he told them, and hoped for all he promised. The popular voice was the foundation of O'Connell's power—the breath of his nostrils. Now that he is gone, it is humiliating to see how little he appears to be regretted by that democracy, through whose confidence he exerted such unparalleled influence. His heart is to be sent to Rome, to "the tomb of the Apostles,"—the body is to be brought to Ireland—some say to be placed among "his people," near Derrynane, in the county of Kerry, whilst others declare that by his own express desire, he will be buried in the Roman Catholic church at Westland-row, in this city, which he was instrumental in erecting, and where he was a frequent and devout attender when at home and in health. I send you a copy of the Nation newspaper, the able mouthpiece of the Young Ireland party. These young men, you are aware, are sworn foes of British connexion, bigoted "Celts," scorners of the "Saxon" race, worshippers of nationality, spouters about ancient Greece and Rome. They glory in the laurels won by the Americans in the Mexican war, despise the coloured race, laugh at the Abolitionists, talk big about religion and their horror of infidelity, and exert all their talent and energy (which are considerable) in inculcating bitter and malignant hatred of England and everything English, (including political economy,) as the highest duty of every Irishman. For the last year or two of O'Connell's life, this faction have been at open war with him. He unceremoniously, and with little regard to truth or fair play, expelled them from the Repeal Association, and they, nothing daunted, set up on their own account, and owing to the abundant stock of folly yet remaining amongst us, they are well able to stand alone. I was curious to see what they would have to say of O'Connell, after all the abuse they received from him, and which they returned with interest. I find that by the help of that peculiar composite style, made up of Carlyleism, school-boy eloquence, and vaunting Celtic nationality, in which they are adepts, they have managed the matter very well.—You will observe that amongst other high crimes, they accuse the present English Government of a determination to exterminate, or at least to consent to the extermination of two millions of the Irish people, by famine and disease. The malignity of such a charge is absolutely diabolical. It is my belief that the whole corps of the Young Ireland writers, poets, and orators, have not done so much or thought so much for the relief of the poor sufferers in Ireland, as many individual members of the English Government. I have not heard of a man of them, who has distinguished himself by the humblest effort to alleviate the present distress.

Some few weeks ago, being desirous to see with my own eyes, some of those parts of the country in which the people were said to be most distressed, I mentioned to the Friends' Central Relief Committee my intention of visiting the western coast of the province of Connaught, and I offered my services, if they could make use of me in any way, for the promotion of their views. The result of this offer was, that shortly after it was made, I was requested to proceed to the north-western part of the county of Mayo, to investigate the appropriation of some of their grants, and to distribute, at my discretion, some provisions that they had stored there for the relief of the poor. I was nearly three weeks from home, and during my absence, I witnessed more extreme wretchedness than I had seen in the whole course of my life before. Every night since my return, my rest has been more or less disturbed by dreams of the shocking misery I saw there. Within the last few days, I read in a recent Anti-Slavery Standard, Elihu Burritt's powerful and feeling description of his visit to Skibbereen. Whether it be that excessive misery is always more horribly revolting in towns than in country districts, or that his words are stronger than my experience, I cannot say, but I thought that his account conveyed the idea of his having seen worse things and more of them, than I saw—and yet I thought I had witnessed as shocking sights as could be seen. He visited many fever cases, while I avoided them, not thinking it well to run a needless risk, for the sake of merely gratifying my curiosity. Not being a physician,—nor a dispenser of anything but food, I could no nothing for the poor creatures. I have had hundreds of men, women, and children around me, whose fathers or mothers, sisters or brothers, husbands or children, were lying in fever, and who were themselves famishing for food. On my return, I drew up a report of my excursion, partly for the information of the Friends' Committee, and partly with a view of saving myself the necessity of repeating the same story over again to my American friends. I thought it would answer the double purpose very well, and that the readers of the Liberator, (most of whom, I presume, have given us a helping hand in this great extremity) would like to see a picture of another exceeding miserable section of this poor country. The district of Erris, to which my attention was especially directed, contains a population of twenty-five thousand souls, but the two counties of Mayo and Galway, through which I travelled, contain collectively, upwards of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, being only equalled in this respect by New-York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, whilst their area is not within one-third that of the State of Connecticut. A very large portion of these two counties are so wild, boggy, and mountainous, that they are able to support but a very scanty population, and it is wonderful how the people are crowded together, wherever the land has afforded facilities for potato cultivation. The business of the true friends of Ireland in this emergency is not to rake up the embers of old dissentions, national antipathies, or religious feuds, but first to keep the people from starving, and then to co-operate to the best of their ability for the carrying out of such measures as afford some hope of better times.

A new Poor Law has just been carried through Parliament, which gives every individual unable to work or to procure work, a right to some subsistence, and though the measure of relief thus afforded is very scanty, it will establish a very heavy impost upon the land, which will be obliged to defray the expense. It is believed that many of the present embarrassed and impoverished landholders will be unable to bear the burden, and that they will be unable to escape it, except by selling their estates which will then be likely to pass into the hands of men of capital, of energetic business habits, who will keep their position by establishing manufactures, cultivating the soil, and employing the people. I am aware that the system of holding land liable to rent, is abhorrent to American ideas, and that many amongst you, if called upon to establish things on a fair basis in Ireland, would take the whole island, parcel it out into plots, and give every man a share, throwing the landlord's right of property overboard, and compelling everybody, from the peer to the peasant, to maintain himself by his own hands. To say nothing of the robbery and outrage which should be perpetrated before the plan could be set going, I am very doubtful whether, supposing it to be in full operation to-day, it would not be found this time five years, (provided the new proprietors were left to themselves) that a great many of the holdings had changed hands; and, that owing to the indolence and improvidence of some, and the acquisitiveness, activity, or ambition of others, there would be a prospect of a rapid return to the old state of things. I am but a poor politician, and no prophet—yet I do think that those who will be able to weather through the next five or ten years, will see Ireland a rapidly improving country. I have no doubt that if the land were properly cultivated, and the people industrious and fully employed, this country would support, in comfort and plenty, many more than its present population. As to "the Nation's" outcry about the two millions who are to perish of disease and famine, it is not worthy of a moment's attention, by whomsoever originated. Nothing of the kind will take place. Provisions are dear, and the poor are badly off, all over Ireland. But as to deaths by starvation, they have been very few indeed in the greater part of Ireland. As far as I can learn, they have chiefly occurred along the western coast, where the people are generally indolent and improvident—where rents are low, the land poor, and the number of residents of any other class, very small. In the part of the country to which my attention was more particularly directed, there was scarcely a sufficiency of individuals beyond the reach of absolute want, to dispense the relief that was sent for the sufferers. The last included one resident landlord, two Episcopal clergymen, a few middlemen, (or holders of land liable to rent, who had poor tenants under them,) and the revenue and coast guard officers of the district, with the men under their command. Of the Romish clergy, with very few exceptions, I heard a middling account. They were generally accused of distributing the funds or provisions entrusted to them, to those who had paid themselves best, or who, if matters should take a turn for the better, would be likely to be the most profitable sheep in their flocks. Of the licentiousness, rapacity, dishonesty, and selfishness of some of them, I heard shocking accounts, sometimes from their own people, who complained bitterly of their neglect and hard-heartedness. If you should see my narrative, you will find mention of a father whom I saw dying, while his naked child sat in the ashes, and the dead body of a woman lay under a covering at the opposite side of the fire-place. I omitted to mention that an old woman sat in middle of the hut, with an infant on her lap, three week's old. The mother of the baby had died shortly after the infant's birth. She was the wife of the man I saw expiring. The old woman had merely stepped in to look after the poor infant. Well, it was on a Sunday I saw this sight, and I was accompanied to the place by some poor people from the chapel, where I had been talking to them about the state of the country. They assured me that their priest had refused to anoint the dying man, to *church* his wife after her confinement, or to baptize the new-born infant, unless he were first paid two shillings! I believe that it would have been difficult to get two shillings for all that was in the cabin when I visited it. I heard other reports extremely discreditable to this priest's character, for common honesty, but this refusal of some of the most important of the rights of his Church to these poor creatures, I thought a plain proof of shocking heartlessness, or of absolute infidelity in the efficacy of his own ministrations. The concurrent testimony of that country is to the effect that the hold of the Roman Catholic clergy upon the confidence and affection of the people, is much on the decline since the famine, and numbers who have been kindly looked after by Espicopal ministers have declared their willingness to renounce the Church of Rome, and attend the worship of the Established Church. Such offers were generally declined for the present, with the condition that they will be very welcome to make the change whenever they are more of free agents.

The district of Erris, (mentioned so often in my narrative,) as well as the greater part of Connaught, west of Galway, is covered with mountains, bogs, and lakes. The mountains, though of no great elevation, not exceeding 2,700 feet, are of Alpine outline. The country is generally clad with brown heath; its aspect is sombre, and melancholy, and it contains only a small portion of arable land. It was quite a relief, when I came down to the green plains of Galway, and Leinster, stretching far away before the view, with scarcely a hill in prospect. Everything looked richer and better, the people more comfortable, their cabins larger, their field better cultivated, their cattle fatter and more abundant It felt like an escape, when I left behind me that miserable country, where starvation, suffering, and death meet you on every hand. I had a letter this very day from Francis Moran, of Croy Lodge—the house where Maxwell lived, when he wrote his "Wild Sports of the West." It is in the wildest part of Erris—a district so savage and aboriginal, that the great red deer still linger among the fastnesses of the mountains. My friend tells me that in his neighbourhood, the people are so wretchedly off for food, that in some instances where they have been enabled to sow a portion of their land, they have been subsequently found turning the ground over again and pudding dock could understand the movements of an eagle. One of the crimes which Mr. Howitt accuses Swift of, strangely enough, too, for such a peace-loving, quakerish writer, in his having by the sole power of his pen, compelled the English to make peace with Louis the Fourteenth, after having deluged Europe with blood, and saddled the nation with a debt of sixty millions to no purpose.

in order to pick out the seed for immediate sustenance. It is probable that by *seed*, he means seed potatoes. He says that deaths are more and more frequent, and that he does not see what can be done for the unhappy people. You will probably ask, have we not sent your hundreds of thousands of dollars, and cargoes upon cargoes of provisions? Can you not send them into those parts of the country that require relief most of all? How is it possible, that with assistance pouring in from all quarters of the globe—from the United States, from the liberated negroes in the West Indies, from India, from the Sultan, from the Pope, from Australia, how can your people starve? Can you not keep them alive? Well, I can only say that I belong to no committee, and am not the best person to answer all these questions, but I imagine that all the relief that has arrived, vast as the amount of it is, is insignificent in comparison with the numbers of hungry stomachs. All Ireland is suffering, but the West is worse off than any other part of it. In one district of the county of Cork, two cargoes of provisions were absorbed in a very few weeks. How many cargoes would it take to feed the whole country?

I am glad that Garrison has so candidly declared his opinion about the reception of the slaveholders' bounty. I like to see this openness and independence among Abolitionists—that each man can be *himself*—that they can agree to differ, one from another, and yet can cooperate for the one great end. It is well that he holds to his own opinion an the purchase of Douglass, and the use of slave-grown produce; and that other honest men and women differ from him, and assert their own views on these and other points. I would not respect him as I do, if I did not believe that he prefers the truth and the right to all things; nor would I honour the Abolitionists as I do, if I did not believe that Patrick Henry's sublime aspiration is theirs as much as ever it was hi

I was not one of those who liked the purchase of Douglass as a matter of principle, and I would have been heartily glad if the Friends' Committee here, had seen it their duty to send back the money from South Carolina. Nevertheless, if I had been liable to be kidnapped, or were suffering the pangs of starvation, it is probable my scruples might melt away before the terrible realities of my position. Frederick Douglass is glad to be legally as well as virtually free, and I am sure my miserable countrymen are far too hungry to quarrel with the bread that feeds them. Notwithstanding O'Connell's life-long and constant hostility to the atrocious system, our people were so accustomed to associate the idea of equality, and impartial liberty with American institutions, that they have never taken in a tithe of the length, breadth, or depth, of this huge iniquity. One bad effect of the American bounty will be that it will confound all distinction in the minds of the recipients, and the bloodiest slaveholder, who sends the price of blood, will be looked on by them as an angel of mercy, as well as the most heroic and self-denying friend of the tortured and the needy, who denies himself to aid and comfort them.

I understand that the markets are on the decline, not only in Ireland, but in England, and throughout the continent, and the promise of the harvest is most cheering. I would not be surprised if the quantity of land tilled in the North, and on the east coast of Ireland, were as great, if not greater, than was ever known before—and if this be the case, it will be a great year for the farmers. When the farmers are badly off, it is a poor story for the rest of the community.

But it is time for me, as the ballad singers say, "to conclude, and come to an end." So farewell.

RICH. D. WEBB.

Notes on New Books.

The Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets. By William Howitt, 2 vols. Harper & Brothers: 1847.

These are two of the handsomest volumes that have been recently issued from the American press. The style of the "getting up" is peculiarly neat and elegant, and the character of the illustrations much better than those of similar English publications. They are not little fanciful pictures, but faithful and simple representations of real objects, with two exceptions. Gossipping about poets is always welcome. We never tire of reading the same stories told for the thousandth time of those immortal minds whose incarnation has blessed the earth by their presence. Mr. Howitt is essentially a gossip, he loves to pick up anecdotes and retail them again, and woe to those who baulk him in his predatory excursions; he vents the malice engendered by his disappointments in the ugliest words that ever hate clothed itself in.—While in Ireland he visited the former residences of Mrs. Tighe, the author of *Psyche*, and for some reason or other was denied entrance, whereupon he abuses the whole family of Tighes, as though they were his mortal enemies, and rates the nephews of the dead poetess for marrying the daughters of noblemen, with as much scurrilous abuse as though they had been guilty of the deadliest crimes. Mr. Howitt is peculiarly unhappy in his attempts at wit, but having exhausted his violence of abuse upon the Tighes, he brings the whole force of his malignant wit against them, and says that "Mr. Dan Tighe is certainly not Dante." Mr. Howitt never exchanged a word with the Tighes; he knew nothing about them, but that they did not choose to admit a stranger into their houses at an inconvenient hour. He did not put himself to the trouble of procuring letters of introduction, but presuming that his name, "having been twenty-three years before the public," was a sufficient introduction to anybody, presented his card as his credentials. In one case the gentleman was not at home, and the lady was lying-in, and in the other, the house being a "show-house," was never open to strangers when the family was at home. It certainly appears to us churlish in the latter case not to have admitted Mr. Howett, but it was a private house, and the fact of the proprietor being the nephew of a deceased poetess, did not make him a public servant. If he did not choose to admit a stranger into his rooms who professed to have called out of mere curiosity, it did not render him and his whole family proper subjects of malignant abuse. But Mr. Howitt seems to think that he has a right to pry into the private affairs of any family or individual when he is in pursuit of materials to fill up a book. The widow of Southey refused to communicate to him any particulars respecting the domestic habits of her husband, and he revenges himself by heaping up opprobrious terms upon the dead poet. If Southey had been alive, and capable of writing an article for a review, the judgment pronounced upon him by Mr. Howitt would have been very different from that which he has put into his Haunts and Homes. He abuses the dead lion without stint for lauding George the Fourth, and very properly, we think; but in his notice of Kit North, who was a hundred times more guilty and venial in this respect than the laureate, he utters not a word of reproach, nor even intimates that the editor of Blackwood's Magazine was the most base and brutal of all the servile pack who whined and licked the dust before that worthless monarch. The spite and malice of Mr. Howitt towards all who thwart his views, are as painfully evident as his knavish cringing to those from whom he expects a favour. The difference between Southey and Kit North is, that one is a dead and the other a live reviewer. The article on Swift is full of narrow prejudice and bigotry. Mr. Howitt has taken great pains to distort the unhappy circumstances of the poet's life to his disadvantage, and even falsifies history in attributing his mental afflictions to youthful excesses. This part of Mr. Howitt's book is so bitterly unjust to the subject, that we are tempted to believe it was written by Mary and not William Howitt. There is a womanly spite in it that appears unnatural in a man. But the truth is, a person of Mr. Howitt's turn of mind, should never have presumed to meddle with a character like Swift's. The gossipping, book-peddling, writer of literary catch-penny could no more comprehend the qualities of such a mind as that which conceived the Tale of a Tub, than a child could understand the movements of an eagle. One of the crimes which Mr. Howitt accuses Swift of, strangely enough, too, for such a peace-loving, quakerish writer, in his having by the sole power of his pen, compelled the English to make peace with Louis the Fourteenth, after having deluged Europe with blood, and saddled the nation with a debt of sixty millions to no purpose.

There are parts of the book which are written with force and in a truthful and gentle spirit, and the whole of it is in that light, gossipping, and story-telling style which is the great characteristic of the author, and the chief cause of his popularity. Some of the sketches are written with force and feeling, and many of them contain good criticisms, but they contain nothing that is new, excepting the author's opinions. The best of the sketches is that of Chatterton, which is imbued with a fine feeling of indignation that carries the reader along with the author. But Mr. Howitt is very apt to be carried away by his prejudices; he denounces right and left, without stopping to examine the justice of his fulminations; his censures of Horace Walpole are not warranted by the known facts of his treatment of Chatterton. Mr. Howitt calls Walpole a "selfish aristocrat," and similar names, which are peculiarly inappropriate to that misunderstood man. Walpole was the most democratic man of his age in principle, and one of the most liberal and unselfish; he was half a century in advance of his time, in liberality of feeling, and was among the foremost of the progresives at that unprogressive period. He was among the first to denounce the African Slave-Trade; he was the first to applaud the revolt of the American colonies; he was opposed to capital punishment, and he was ever the most merciless of the satirists of aristocratic and monarchical vices. Although he inherited an Earldom he never made use of his title; he relinquished voluntarily a considerable part of the income to which he was entitled from sinecure offices bestowed upon him by his father, and he expended his fortune with great liberality, partly in paying printers and engravers, whom he maintained in his house, for the purpose of publishing the works of his friends; yet Mr. Howitt calls him a selfish aristocrat, because, when a boy had endeavoured to cheat him by selling him some forged manuscripts, he did not reward the lad's ingenuity. There is no evidence that Walpole knew of Chatterton's necessities, and he surely might be pardoned for not discovering the great poetic genius which no one else had bestowed a thought upon. It sounds very oddly to us to hear Mr. Howitt accuse Swift and Walpole of selfishness after reading the modest account just published by Mr. Saunders, the editor of the People's Journal, detailing the selfish and mercenary conduct of the Howitts towards him, of their base and deliberate attempts to ruin the prospects of a young literary adventurer, and deprive him at the same time of his character and his property. A strain of indignant feeling for the wrongs suffered by literary men from the powerful in purse and station runs through the whole of the chapters of "Homes and Haunts," but Mr. Howitt has not related a circumstance in the whole list of literary grievances that equals the baseness which he and his wife were guilty of in their attempts to injure a worthy man whose sole offence was his success in establishing a literary journal which they wanted to control and own. If Mr. Saunders did not, like Chatterton, commit suicide, it was not for the lack of suicidal annoyances from Mr. and Mrs. Howitt.—B.

The Writings of Washington, Volume IV.—The 4th volume of this elegant but cheap edition of the writings of Washington, edited by Jared Sparks, has been issued by the Messrs. Harpers.—B.

To Correspondents.

S. R. His subscription expired with the last number.

J. B. C. He will observe by the bill enclosed, that the money handed us pays only to the end of the volume.—If there is difference in our accounts we will thank him to communicate with us. Are all the N. B. papers to go by package? We have received no orders.

J. N. B. We received his letter, and thank him for complying with our request. It is hardly worth while to publish the list at so late a day.

Married,

At Sunny-Side Cottage, the residence of Washington Irving, June 8th, Mr. WILLIAM GRINNELL, to Miss CHARLOTTE IRVING.

In Philadelphia, on 4th day evening, the 2d of 6th month, according to the order of the religious Society of Friends, THORNTON PIKE, to ELIZABETH, daughter of George M. Justice, of Philadelphia.

In Newburyport, Mass. Mr. JOHN S. TAPPAN, of New-York, to SUSAN, eldest daughter of the late G. W. Storey, Esq.

In Newburyport Mass. on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Crocker, Mr. WILLIAM H. HUSE, senior proprietor of the Advertiser, to Miss REBECCA O. WOOD, daughter of Mr. Amos Wood.

In Cincinnati, on Monday evening, May 24th, by the Rev. James L. Perkins, Mr. GEORGE DONALDSON, son of Christian Donaldson, to Miss APOLINE GUILFORD, daughter of Nathan Guilford, Esq.

Died,

In Schenectady, N Y. 8th inst. Mrs. MARY JANE, wife of Rev. Horatio Potter, D.D. Rector of St. Peter's Church Albany.

At Bomischdórf, in Austrian Silesia, April 12th, THOMAS JOPLIN, Esq. author of many statistical and monetary publications, of great weight with the public, and the introducer of Joint-Stock Banking into England.

In London, April 10th, WILLIAM LEMON REDE, Esq author of many light dramatic works of merit, aged 45.

In Charleston, S.C. ELIZABETH, wife of FRANCIS BOOTT, Esq. of Boston, and daughter of GEORGE W. LYMAN, Esq. of the same city.

In Boston, ROBERT, only son of the Rev. ROBERT C. WATERSTON, aged two years.

In Hallowell, Me., 9th instant, Dea. EBENEZER DOLE, aged 71.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Sixteen Days Later from Europe.

The Steamer Cambria arrived at Boston on Thursday last. She brings intelligence of the death of O'Connell, some particulars of which will be found in the letter of our Dublin correspondent. Dr. Chalmers died suddenly at Edinburgh.

The price of cotton has advanced. There has been a decline in the prices of all sorts of breadstuffs, and the prospect for good crops is favourable.

Lord Clarendon is appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The ship Mary Ellen, bound from Canton to New-York, with a full cargo of teas, was wrecked in the China seas on the 8th of April. Three of the crew were drowned, and the cargo was a total loss.

General Items.

The Post in its report of the doings of the Anti-Slavery Convention, called James N. Buffum of Lynn, "a colored man." James is not a "nigger," so-called, but is "dark complected"—say about as black as Daniel Webster. Perhaps if he "*kept dark*" on some of his favourite subjects, the Post would have a more profound reverence for him than it now has.

Accident to the Hutchinsons.—We learn by a gentleman from New Hampshire that an accident happened to two members of this family of singers, on Sunday last, as they were riding in the vicinity of their residence, in Milford, N. H. The carriage was upset, and Miss Hutchinson and the wife of one of the brothers were injured. The injury to the latter is said to be serious.—*Traveller.*

The Distress in Maryland.—We are glad to learn from the Port Tobacco Times, published in Charles County, is not so great as was reported. The Times says it is confined to some families who needed the active benevolence of those around them.

A Pleasant Road.—A writer from our Army at Vera Cruz, whose descriptions are certainly *graphic*, and who withal seems to speak in great *gusto* in the relation of the sickening scenes he witnesses, speaking of the march of the division of the army to which he belonged, holds the following terse and descriptive language:

"*Yet what a road have we taking to reach this point!* PAVED WITH GOLD, HEDGED WITH THORNS, AND STREWED WITH THE DEAD BODIES OF OUR OWN PEOPLE!"

It certainly "don't sound well to have Temperance and Anti- Slavery meetings disturbed by violence as they have been lately." It is wrong in principle and ruinous in practice. And while we would use every proper effort to suppress it, we are constrained to say that it does not "sound well" to hear the meetings for religious, philanthropic, and benevolent purposes—meetings, one great object of which is to reform and restrain mobs and disturbance, sneered at and ridiculed. To rebuke the one and practice the other, sounds too much like "talking, talking, talking, and nothing else."—*Express.*

Wilmot Proviso at the South.—The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, in allusion to Gen. Taylor, remarks: "If his views on questions involving State rights and constitutional constructions are democratic irrespective of all present party distinction, and he will permit his name to be used, *the entire South will rally upon him.* The Wilmot proviso has given the South a very thorough awakening, and has inspired a general conviction at the South, *of the necessity of having a Southern candidate.* The Northern Whigs are fully and fiercely committed against us on this subject. We have no sort of confidence in them. The Northern Democrats are less inimical to the South, and to her constitutional rights, upon this slave question. Many of them are sound and true to us. But we are not disposed to recommend a blind confidence even in them, after the alarming defection some of them have exhibited. The most prudent policy in us perhaps would be to *test the sincerity of their respect for Southern rights, by placing before them a Southern man.* One thing is very certain. It is, *that no Northern candidate can get a Southern electoral vote who does not distinctly repudiate the atrocious outrage upon Southern rights which is embodied in the Wilmot proviso.*"

Munificent Donation.—Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, has just made a donation of FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS to Harvard University, for the purpose of establishing, in connection with that institution, a *school of practical science.* It is intended as "a school for young men who have completed their early education either at college or elsewhere, and who intend to enter upon active life, as engineers, or chemists, or in general as men of science, applying their attainments to practical purposes."

NOTICES.

WINDHAM COUNTY CONVENTION.

The friends of the slave will hold a convention at Canterbury on the third day of July, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and continuing through the day.

C. C. Burleigh, of Pennsylvania, and others will address the meeting.

Both the friends and the enemies of human freedom are invited to attend.

If there can be a cause for the awakening of the friends now to the preservation of virtue, honour, and honesty, the only sure guarantees of our national existence, that cause exists in our present Mexican relations and the perpetual encroachments of the slave power upon every semblance of Liberty in the land.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, *Prest.*

L. BURLEIGH *Sec.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY. FOURTH OF JULY.

The annual meeting of the Old Colony A. S. Society will be held in the Christian Baptist meeting-house, at old Plymouth, on Saturday and Sunday, July 3d and 4th, 1847, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M. and continuing through each day and evening.

Let the citizens and friends of the slave, throughout the Old Colony, be present in overwhelming numbers. A very interesting meeting is anticipated, as Frederick Douglass, C. L. Remond, J. C. Hathaway, P. Pillsbury, and Loring Moody, will be present. The attraction held out is a powerful one. Let Old Plymouth be aroused on this occasion, as she never has been before. Arouse yourselves, then, sons of the Pilgrims, and act worthy of your name and station!

The ladies of Plymouth propose holding a Fair on the occasion, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Anti-Slavery cause. We trust they will be successful.

ELMER HEWITT, *President.*

H. H. BRIGHAM, *Secretary.*

NOTICE TO PLYMOUTH COUNTY.

WILLIAM W. BROWN of Western New-York, and formerly a slave in Mississippi, and now an agent of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, will lecture as follows:—

At Duxbury,	Thursday,	June	24
" S. Scituate,	Saturday and Sunday,	" 26 and	27
" Marshfield,	Monday,	"	28
" Hingham,	Wednesday,	"	30

The friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, in each of the above towns, are requested to make the proper arrangements for Mr. Brown's meetings, who will assuredly commend himself to their regard as an effective labourer with them.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.
Gen Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

FOURTH OF JULY.

An Anti-Slavery celebration of the Fourth of July, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in————Grove, in Waltham, *to take place on Monday, July the 5th.* Let it be made a great and a good day for the sacred cause of Liberty and Human Rights. Let all the lovers of true freedom from the city and the neighbouring towns, and from whatever distance they are able, come to the gathering. The day should be redeemed from the self-glorifying uses to which it has been almost exclusively given, and made a day for the promotion of justice and freedom to all.

It is wished that the refreshments needed on the occasion may be provided on the true pic-nic principle. Let each little party bring its own supply, and all will be supplied. Arrangements will be made for an ample supply of cold water.

We confidently expect a large number of faithful and eloquent speakers in behalf of the cause to be present.

And as *funds* are continually needed to sustain and carry forward our moral warfare, it is earnestly hoped that all present will come prepared to contribute in this respect, thus showing it is not their own pleasure alone they seek, but that they would remember also those to whose bruised hearts, and scarred and bleeding limbs, no day of freedom has ever yet brought relief or joy. Should each one bring no more than the value of the provisions they have been accustomed to contribute on such occasions, a substantial help would be rendered to the Society.

Further particulars as to the speakers, &c. may be expected next week.

In behalf of the Board of Managers
SAMUEL MAY, JR.
Gen. Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society will meet at Princeton, on Saturday and Sunday, July 3d and 4th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday. Stephen S. Foster and William W. Brown have both engaged to be present. Of S. S. Foster's hearty and bold advocacy of the slave's cause, we here say nothing; nor to any who has heard him, of Mr. Brown's eloquent plea for the millions of his countrymen in Slavery. He has served a regular apprenticeship under the patriarchal institution, twenty-one years. How fitting the day!—not to celebrate hypocritically a liberty only in name, but to make real that liberty to all the inhabitants of the land! On Sunday, the day of rest to the people—how blessed to imitate Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound!

We hope to meet a strong array of the true friends of God and Humanity.

JOSHUA T. EVERETT, *President.*
THEODORE P. LOCKE, *Secretary.*

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK

DEAR FRIENDS:—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have decided to prosecute their labours still more vigorously in this State the present year.

The invaluable services of E. D. Hudson, Charles Lenox Remond and Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave, have already been secured, and they will commence the campaign on the First of August. Our old and well-tried friend, William W. Brown will return to our aid on the first of December. In addition to these our distinguished friends William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and James N. Buffum have engaged to spend from the 14th, to the 28th of September, inclusive, in our State, and a particular notice of the time and place of their meetings will be given through the columns of the Standard in due time.

Other able and efficient agents can easily be secured if we can find the means to sustain them and keep their families in bread. Austin Steward, whose untiring exertions have done much in extending the circulation of the Standard, will continue his labours. During the past year a large number of subscribers have been secured to this paper in our State. To those who read it, it is only necessary to say that the same arrangements which have made it the best paper in the State the last year will be continued. Its editor and contributors need no eulogy from my pen. Their past labours are their highest praise and a sure earnest of the future. With your hearty cooperation we intend to more than double the subscription list this year. It can be done. Will you give us your aid? Will "every man work over against his own house?" Let us try the experiment, friends. Every effort to do good at least blesses him who makes it, and gives him greater strength for every successive effort.

A large portion of the funds expended last year were received from out the State. This year our own friends of the cause will be, and are, urged to contribute much more largely, and the Society confidently expects that they will do it willingly and cheerfully. Is it a time to falter now? The SLAVE still groans, and bleeds, and dies. Murderous marauders are still plundering unhappy Mexico, and brutally and ruthlessly killing her defenceless women and children, in the name of a wicked and slaveholding Government, for the purpose of extending and strengthening the unhallowed system of Slavery.

Many of the popular political presses which have in the strongest possible terms denounced the annexation of Texas and its results as unconstitutional, diabolical, and infamous, are now diligently seeking to push the country to the climax of infamy, by shamelessly foisting the name of Zachary

Poetry.

From the People's Journal.

MOVE ON.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

All the stars in heaven are moving,
Ever round the bright spheres roving;
Twinkling, beaming, raying, shining,
Blackest night with darkness lining;
Aye! revolving through the years,
Playing music of the spheres,
Like the eastern star of old
Moving toward the shepherds' fold,
Where the wise men—grace to them!—
Found the Babe of Bethlehem.
God is in each moving star;
God drives on the pleiad car:
Let His will on earth be done
As in heaven the stars move on.—
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

All the waves of sea are flowing,
As the winds of heaven are blowing;
With a gentle beam-like quiver
Flows the streamlet to the river;
With a stronger waved commotion
Flows the river to the ocean;
While seas' billows evermore
Flow and gain upon the shore—
Wave on wave in bright spray leaping—
Like endeavours never sleeping;
While the pool which moveth never,
Grows a stagnant bog for ever—
White-gilled die its tenant tench,
Green its water, foul its stench,
Wildering marsh-fires o'er it run,
While straight flows the river on.—
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

Thus within the skies and ocean
Life is married unto motion;
Stars revolve, and rivers flow,
And earth? what said Galileo?
When in dungeon damply lying,
Faint and tortured, hardly dying,
Yet for truth, with honest pride,
Yet, "It moves! it moves!" he cried.
And the world? its life is motion,
As with stars and as with ocean.
It is moving, it is growing,
All its tides are onward flowing;
The hand is moving towards the loaf,
The eye is moving to the roof,
The mind is moving to the book,
The soul lives in a moving look,
The hand is moving from the sword,
The heart is moving towards the Lord!
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

SONNET.

BY R. C. FRENCH

We live not in our moments or our years;
The Present we fling from us, like the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste; or bind *that* in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears,
Vain tears for that which never may arrive;
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the Present brings;
Kind greetings, sunshine, songs of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things,
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER XI.

The course of our narrative leads to the bay of Goave, to Rigaud's plantation, where, upon the eminence at the sea-shore, Antonina, now for some time restored to the circle of her friends, was seated by the still, thoughtful Petion. A fresh breeze came over the billows, which broke on the shore at their feet, and both sate interrupting the long pauses only by brief and indifferent questions.

"You have not visited us for a long while, my friend," said Antonina, at last, "and now that you are come, a pleasure I have so long desired, you grudge me even a cheerful face."

"I would look at you ever," returned Petion with a forced smile, "and to-day rather than on other days. I try and say to myself, shall I always retain in mind every little lineament? Will not memory, after some years, prove false to me? And if I should never see her again, will she not forsake thee too? Then I look at you, and then far off upon the abyss of waters, and practise myself in forgetfulness."

"How you dream again, my strange, sensitive friend," rejoined Rigaud's wife, jestingly. "You have one of your black hours. It is the way with noble minds; a weakness seizes them in certain moments, which borders on despair. Then hope and faith vanish, and the world and man seem but worthless things from which only death can deliver one. But the love of God comes to their aid, and faith returns, and the energy of a human heart awakes, and one feels again that he belongs to the world and to humanity, and he hastens to new conflicts, and wrestles for a new reverence for human life."

"O! how truly do you know how to speak," said Petion, moved. "Now again I feel it, the gates of life are open again and again, I hope, and believe."

At this moment Augustin and Ramiro approached. The former took the hands of his wife and of Petion, and placed them together. "Love each other," said he, with unusual gentleness of manner, what a miserable man must I be to wish to destroy this sacred friendship, and to forget what a right Petion has to my uttermost confidence and friendship."

"O, hush, hush!" said the youthful Petion, pressing the hand of Augustin."

"Thou art a thousand times nobler and better than I, my brother," said the fiery Augustin, and tears shone in his eyes. Once I hated thee, and treated thee like an arrogant boy, and how hast thou revenged thyself! O, assuredly, Antonina is the best part of my life, but—" he paused, looked earnestly at his wife and the silent Petion, and then raised his hand to his brow, and murmured to himself, "I would I might fall in fighting for my country, then should she be thine. But while I live I cannot give up my treasure. Yes, I am a miser, who gloats upon his money to the last moment, and even in death clutches at it, and would press it to his heart."

"What words are these!" said Petion, gently. "Live in the fond arms which are extended to thee with full affection, it is my fervent wish. Tame your natural violence, and make her wholly happy as she deserves to be. Leave me as I am. I love my dear pupil, but thou hast nothing to fear. Ours is a pure and noble friendship, which is exalted by renunciation. Of this be assured, and now give me thy hand, and let us say no more."

"The deuce, no!" said the old Ramiro, "that is a contract of friendship, from which may spring many hidden dangers. This philosophical young head fancies it can love a pretty woman quite platonically and keep the heart in subjection to his cool reason, and this fiery young creature here finds it all very agreeable to adore a man as the ideal of all virtue, and to rave about him with all the enthusiasm of what she calls a pure, spiritual friendship. But it is all a fraud, and silence only makes the mischief worse. The spirit is more dangerous than the body, and especially dangerous if it inhabits a body that practices knightly deeds. It is not merely that everybody is applauding his spirit, his knowledge, his discretion, his noble actions, but the wild fellow runs off with track hounds, and brave companions into the wild recesses and caverns and frees his fair friend out of holes where monsters were keeping guard over her."

"The horrible Hingin!" exclaimed Antonina with a shudder. "In my dreams I often see the bloody, painted figure still."

"Lucky for thee if thou seest nothing else," said Ramiro drily, and then half laughing, half threatening, he added: "And how shall it all end with this Paladin to whom one owes life, freedom and honour? Ha! you self-confident young thing, have you thought what all this friendship may come to? Platonic love, nonsense! Plato died in a madhouse, and all his life long was a dreamer who sate o' nights in the moonshine, and could not sleep for his feelings, and created fantasies out of the clouds and stars without looking at the earth."

Here Augustin suddenly sprang up, and while he looked out over the sea, he said: "Away with all this prattle, I am satisfied, for I have learned from Petion what a great and noble character is, and Heaven itself could not convince me that my sweet Antonina does not love me with her whole heart. But Heaven have mercy on the false hound, de Jumecourt, if he ever falls into my hands!"

"Where is he?" said Antonina.

"In Grand-Anse," replied Ramiro. "He, his uncle, and several of those who escaped the great blood bath at the Cape, have gone thither. The Commissaries wink at it, and having gained the victory, care little to ask whither they have fled, although some curiosity would be reasonable."

"What can the Commissaries do?" said Petion. "Grande-Anse has a warlike population, who would by no means allow the Charmillys and their friends to be torn from them. And where is the army to do it by force? We all know very well that the war in the North has begun more violently than ever. The Spaniards and negroes have put Santonax and de la Veaux to flight, and driven them entirely from the mountains. The large districts of Port Dauphin, the parishes of Limbé and Dondon are lost, and what has it availed that the Commissaries have promised entire freedom to the negroes?"

"Hold!" said Ramiro, "it is only the mad Santonax who has done that, but Polverel, who still mourns his son, and since the loss of his darling has lost much of his enthusiasm for freedom, has endeavoured to keep hold of the system of gradual emancipation, and is everywhere laying out plantations."

"Where the lazy brutes run away, when they ought to work," cried Augustin. "I have always said so. A negro who is not driven to work by the whip, is good for nothing. Just give them freedom, and you will see what they will do with it. A negro and freedom!"

"Let the negro have his way to civilization," said the old Ramiro, "and he will not require many thousand years to reach our culture. O, shake not your yellow head, my son, I will utter a prophecy. The black cloud, which rests up there on the mountains of Limbè, will soon spread out over the whole land, and whoever does not bow the knee and worship the black God, will be destroyed forever."

Petion, who cared not to continue this conversation, pointed towards Port-au-Prince and said, "so the contest off there is quite decided, and Borel has escaped."

"Off," said Ramiro, "and I hope in safety, on his way to America, if Rigaud and the Commissaries have not meant otherwise."

"Rigaud?" said Petion, smiling.

"And don't you believe, wise citizen Petion," cried Ramiro, "that it had been easy for him to stop the hole by which the fox escaped? Rigaud had several thousand men with him who knew every foot of land between this and Jacmel. The Commissaries too brought with them a pretty number of their white soldiers, and not a mouse could have slipped away, when the big ships of the line and the frigates, lay at the same time before the forts and the city, and were ready with their four-and-twenty pounders to blow into atoms the last remains the old Creole brains."

"Civil war," murmured Petion. "It is a terrible word."

"And a devilish deed," said Ramiro, "but dear Heaven! how else shall freedom appear on earth? Borel has rendered the Commissaries good services, especially when the object was to drive away the unfortunate Blanchelande, who has now laid his head, they say, under the axe at Nantes. Therefore they favoured the move, when the citizens of Port-au-Prince called the little Marquis into their city as Commandant of the National Guard, and though certainly that so active a citizen, one who had done such good service, would forget his rank and all his old domineering Creole propensities. But the wolf, says an old saying, will part with his hair, but not with his flesh, and scarcely had Borel got warm in his place, scarcely did he feel himself possessed of power to show his teeth, scarcely did he see that the old spirit was sprouting again in Port-au-Prince, when awoke again the fury of the old Creole, who all his life long had hated ebony and yellow wood to the death."

Augustin looked dark at these last words, and to cut short the sarcastic vein of his father-in-law, he cried aloud: "That is the old story. Borel drove away his rival, the Marquis de Lasalle, and began the war against us anew, while he strove to establish again the old Creole order of things. Then the Commissaries came down upon him, my brother joined them, the city was besieged, forced to surrender, and if they had caught the cruel little devil, he would have been hung."

"But no one wanted him caught," said Ramiro. "It was not for the interest of the gentlemen of the Convention, or for the interest of your brother to destroy him. But he is off, and down there in the humbled city sits now lady de Borel, and keeps her festivals as a great patriot just as before. M. Santonax knows what suits her, he comforts the mourning one. M. André Rigaud, M. Beaurais, and other noble citizens came, too, and are delighted to hear the proud lady speak with horror of the plans of her run-a-way spouse. And she is hearty in her joy, she is happy to be rid of the jealous little brute, and is once more as beautiful and lovely as ever."

Augustin pointed out to the sea, in which direction he had been looking attentively for some time. "Look there," said he, "what sails are those off behind Goave—large ships coming against the wind: I count six."

"Merchantmen," said Ramiro. "In Port-au-Prince, lies a whole fleet, and riches that could supply half Europe with sugar, coffee, and cocoa."

"But those vessels are sailing towards Port-au-Prince," said Augustin, and their manœuvres are strange enough. It seems as if they had met here, and while some are going northward, others neither approach nor depart."

"They are tacking, then, like prudent people," replied the old man, "waiting the favourable moment."

"By Heaven!" cried Augustin, in alarm, "they must be ships of war. What are they after? What does it mean? What do the Commissaries propose?"

"Must they needs be French?" said Ramiro. "Do you see the tri-colour, my child? Do you hear their vive la République? It seems to my old eyes as if there were a red flag at the top."

"Augustin ran to the brow of the hill, Ramiro followed him, but Petion turned to his lovely friend, and said in a low, firm voice, "I bid you adieu, Antonina."

She looked mournfully at him, and then extending her hand towards the sea, "Far and long, I know it."

"And perhaps forever," replied Petion.

"Forever!" how brief and how terrible is this word, the only one whose meaning man cannot comprehend. One should not utter it without trembling. No, my friend, not forever! We shall meet again."

"Believe you in a hereafter!" said he, smiling gloomily.

"I believe in God," said Antonina, solemnly, "and you too, Petion, may not part with the sacred faith in a Father who watches in blessing and love over all his creatures."

The mulatto smiled still more gloomily, and then his fine burning eye rolled upwards and appeared to fix upon the eternal blue above in doubt and despair.

"There is a God," he exclaimed. "O! how easily is the sacred name uttered, how beautiful is it to believe in Him, in innocence and devout submission. There is a God who decorates the palms, and builds the mountains, and lets the sea be lashed by his storms. There is a God who permits the trembling lamb be torn by the tiger, who tears the child from its mother's arms, who makes man to enjoy or suffer unspeakably. Yes, there is a God, a being, a primal power, so say the wise and the simple. They are right. Nothing is without design, all is ordered, it is wonderous, all admirably constructed, from the straw to the sacred starry vault, but why is the spirit so bad and weak, when the body is so fair? Why this mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous, of the noble and the horrible."

"Do you ask such questions?" said Antonina, gently, "and yet it is you, who have so often said to me that man was flung into the world for conflict, that he might come forth victor over evil."

"Said I so?" said Petion, moved. "O! surely, then, it was in an hour when I myself was engaged in this conflict. But the eye grows cooler, the vision extends farther, one hope is buried after another, and what seemed noble and divine, transforms itself into a hostile phantom before which faith, happiness, and hope disappear."

"My unhappy friend," said Antonina. "Your high spirit is in the depth of despair. Your way is dark, it is leading you from the right paths."

"And these right paths," replied he, "where are they." Ah! Antonina, I lose myself in seeking them. Life has prostrated, tortured me, the curse stands written by fate on my forehead. 'Go and despair, you shall not find a heart!'"

"Not find! my dear, dear friend," said she, in broken accents.

"No, and more fearful still," cried he, "find, but never possess. I have struggled like a man, and am conquered. Once I was proud and bold; once a voice called to me 'Endure, bear and receive the palm of victory!' Once, I too recognized the necessity by which everything must be as it is,—the woe, the cruelties, the whole course of a period of six thousand years, full of blood, and tears, and sorrows without number. O! my friend, the life of the individual is mirrored in the life of the race. We are driven forth, given over to chance, to the moment, to its passions, to our poor motherwit. This the pious call the ways of God! The wise seek to trace out the threads of the web and to prove that it could not be otherwise, and the poor creatures who wrestle and struggle, writhe in long agonies ere they can die."

"O! well then is it with those who can believe and pray," said he, with a hollow voice. "Well is it with them when they who can lay their broken hearts before the throne of the invisible God, when the angels enter the wasted temple, and faith waits calmly for the day when full compensation shall be made."

Tears dimmed Antonina's eyes, as she added, "Hush, hush, it will come, the day, and we, too, shall have part in its solemnities. Go," she continued, weeping silently, "and the angels of God go with you. Those, to whom the world belongs, a future of history, shall be raised, above the fortunes and the suffering of ordinary men."

"I will go, then," said Petion, deeply touched, and mastering his emotion, and as a solitary pilgrim endeavour to believe that heaven has so ordered it. No more weakness! My destiny shall be to love mankind, and suppress the contempt which often overpowers me. To France! well, then, away into the giddy whirl. I will not suffer my lofty bride, my country, true freedom, to be torn from me. Farewell, my Antonina, farewell!"

It was a parting full of sweet, bitter pain.—That they knew; the funeral solemnity of a buried love.

Petion walked slowly away, and when, after a little while, he looked back, Antonina had vanished, and in her place appeared André Rigaud, with his brother, Ramiro, and a stranger, all of whom came up the hill from the sea-shore. Petion now observed for the first time, that an armed schooner was lying-to at about a mile's distance, and that a heavily manned boat lay below in the little bay, to which the stranger evidently belonged. The short blue seaman's jacket with anchors wrought on the buttons, the belt in which appeared a couple of small pistols, and the bright-coloured cloth cap, which was stuck on the head rather jauntily, betokened a young man. His delicate fresh but sun-burnt features, and two rows of white teeth, which he showed when he laughed, heightened the free, jovial air with which he spoke. "You see, M. Rigaud, I am still the son of my father," said he, "for I came to see you thoughtlessly enough like a true sailor and subject of King George, whom God long preserve, although war is declared between him and your Republic. But when I bade my father good bye, he called after me, 'John!' said he, 'should you happen to see my old friend, General Rigaud, shake hands with him, which I do in my father's name, my dear General.'"

"Mr. John Abercrombie," said Rigaud; "nothing can be more agreeable than to see your father's son in my house. The schooner can wait long enough for us to break the neck of a bottle of the old Cape wine, your favourite drink, if I remember right."

The Englishman cast a glance at the vessel, at the sky, and the distant bay, where some of the large ships were visible, and then said: "In the name of Bacchus, the only national God of the Heathen, I am at your service, General. It shall never be said of John Abercrombie that he refused a good glass."

They proceeded towards the house, where, in a large cool saloon, a table was soon covered with old well sealed flasks, and other refreshments. Ramiro, who knew the young Englishman well, played off his wit upon him, which the latter parried with much skill. The conversation grew political and was becoming rather serious between Abercrombie and Augustin, when it was interrupted by André Rigaud, who suddenly asked, "what is the destination of the ships in the bay, Mr. Abercrombie? It looks as if England was going to favour us with her wise and just government. Out with it, Sir, you will not surprise your friendly foes with any unexpected confession."

The young officer instantly became very grave, and drawing out his pocket-book, handed a letter to Rigaud, which the latter glanced over, and then in a loud, quick voice, remarked: "Here is certainly a curiosity, my friends. I am desired to quit this land, the soil of my fathers, the country I have ever lived in and loved. It is high time, they say, for a prudent man to renounce his country, his habits and customs, and I am thought capable of betraying and alienating the confidence of my brethren. England, writes the gentleman who offers himself to aid me in this matter, the father of our young friend here, England is about to take possession of a colony, whose most distinguished citizens have wished her to do so for some time. 'You must see my old friend,' so runs this letter, 'that your republican fashion of doing things, is, at bottom, the devil's fashion, however clever the men who have been deluded by it. England will take possession—all is prepared, in the name of Luois the XVII. the boy in prison, the result cannot and will not be doubtful.'"

"Really," cried Augustin, laughing scornfully, have you put the egg in your pocket? Look out that it does not happen to break in your hand, and instead of a little bird there crawls out a snake.———"

"As poisonous as this famous citizen here," said Ramiro, pointing to Augustin.

"It is no longer a secret," Rigaud continued to read, "that the unfortunate men, who, in the course of the storm have lost not only all that they once called their rights, but their wealth, their property, of which only here and there a few have saved a remnant, were long ago in alliance with England, in order, under her powerful protection, to re-establish their fortunes anew. His Excellency General Adam Williamson commissions me to speak a word in confidence with you, my old friend, and to use the services of my son, who will explain everything to you by word of mouth. I state only one thing for you to consider. The two incendiaries, Santonax and Polverel, are doomed to speedy judgment, for with perfect certainty I can assure you that a frigate from Brest is already under way, with orders for their arrest, and to carry them to France. The whites, then, under command of old General la Veaux, who only with great difficulty sustains himself against the Spaniards and blacks, will be weak enough. From Europe there is less expectation every day of any aid. England's fleets scour the seas, and these cursed Republicans can scarcely bring a sail, much less a fleet, into these waters. Consider, now, the blacks and Spaniards will lay waste the North, until not a white or mulatto survives. You can look for no help, as the English fleets will have entire command of the seas. Under such circumstances a wise man will seek his own advantage. General Williamson has talked with me a good deal about your situation, and I will tell you what he says. The 4th article of the Convention, he says, decrees that the free mulattoes shall possess all the rights they enjoy in the English colonies, and that is, as you know, far more than you and your brethren ever possessed before the year '89. But I know well, he says, that men like Rigaud, Beaurais, Petion, and others, will find in this article no substitute for what they lose. Such men can and must live only in a free country, either in Europe, where the distinction of skin is laughed at, or in America. Before all things, it is Rigaud who can trouble us most." Rigaud continued to read. "He is the shrewdest head among them. We desire only that he should quit St. Domingo, and choose a residence some place else, whither we would gladly carry him, and make his life free and happy."

"The remainder," said Rigaud, crumpling up the letter, "is of no importance. Your father refers me to you, and now out with it, Sir. How much do they offer to the leader of the mulattoes if he were to see that the cause of his brethren is lost?"

"You wish to know all, replied the Englishman. "Well, then, hear. They offer you, if you will retire, three millions of francs.———"

"A pretty offer for a trading-people!" cried Rigaud, with an expression of utter contempt, and then folding his arms, he fastened his earnest cool eye so steadily on the young negotiator, that the latter, somewhat disquieted, exclaimed, "you seem to be thinking of much, General."

"Only of one thing," said the chief of the mulattoes, "only of a trifle, whether I shall treat this insult with contempt, or direct the thoughtless man, who makes this proposal, to be shot dead upon the spot."

John Abercrombie laid his hand on one of his pistols, and although he grew pale, he said with great composure, "M. Rigaud, will you stain the house, whither you have invited me as a guest, with blood, and murder the son of your old friend? Take care of yourself then."

"Be quiet," cried the General, smiling. "I have only showed you to what it may lead, if you do not soon conclude your diplomatic career. Finish your glass, Mr. Abercrombie, return on board and tell the Commodore that André Rigaud, the goldsmith of Jacmel, warns him how he sends his agents to him, if he would not bring innocent blood upon his head, for as truly as I live, and were it my own son, I would have him hung as a spy."

"My brother, my dear brother!" cried Augustin, who had been listening all the while in painful suspense. "Happy do I count myself in such a brother." He clasped him to his heart, and then turned with animation to the young officer. "Go," said he, "young man, and tell those Englishmen what you have seen. The Rigauds have a country which they will not sell for all the treasures of the world."

"And hear my good counsel, dear John," said André, extending to him his hand: "You are your father's only son; therefore land not upon this unhealthy island. Believe me, your countrymen never will accomplish what they desire. Death will sweep them off in its frightfullest forms, and when your avaricious gentlemen in London have caused many thousands of men to perish in vain, and many hundreds of millions to be wasted, and have pretty well increased the debt of England, they will after all be compelled to quit the soil with shame and disgrace."

"General," said the officer, "do you suppose it would have given me pleasure, to have returned to my father with the intelligence that you would quit? I love honour and brave men. But God protect my country and its glory, may it never retreat from this soil, and may England's flag soon float everywhere, and all hearts hail it with joy!"

"France and the Republic!" said Rigaud, and raised his glass. "So let us drink, there to England, here to our own land. Never will I cease to struggle for my people. And friends all, Petion, think nothing now of retiring. Tell the Commodore, in the plain of Port-au-Prince shall he find us, when his fleet sends their blood-thirsty legions on shore."

(*To be continued.*)

From the Yankee Blade.

THE DEATH-PENALTY.

The newspapers of the day teem with arguments, pro and con, on the propriety of Capital Punishment, as the phrase is (*capital* punishment being simply the *greatest* punishment inflicted, to abolish the penalty of death will only make the next highest capital, and not put and end to capital punishment entirely.) But among them all we have seen no view of the question more striking than the following passage taken from "The Lesson of Life," a strange, wild, grotesque, yet thrilling tale, from "Cakes and Ale," by Douglas Jerrold, the celebrated dramatist. A dialogue takes place in the jail of Paris between the common hangman and a monk who had visited the prison on an errand of mercy:—

* * * Jacques Tenebræ, the hangman of Paris, quaffed his wine and water, and drew his chair near the chair of Father George, the most rigid and conscientious monk of the order—such, at least, was his reputation—and, in a tone of familiar confidence—for the friar was Antonettes confessor—said, "Father George, I want you to instruct me; never mind that poor lad—poor innocent!" cried Jacques, observing that the monk glanced at the vacant Narcisse; "Yes, I want your counsel in an affair of conscience," cried the hangman.

"Thou shalt have it," was the benevolent promise of the monk.

"Thou hast called death a punishment, most holy father, let us debate that simple point;" and Jacques sidled still closer to his reverend guest.

The declining sun shone through the casement, and, falling upon the heads of the executioner and the monk, bent, as they were, towards each other, presented a strange and striking contrast of character as developed in their features. The monk's face was long and sallow, marked with deep lines about the mouth, which seemed restless with ill-concealed passion; his eye was black, full and heavy; a joyless, unreposing eye. The countenance of Pierre Tenebræ was round and somewhat jovial: a love of mirth appeared to twinkle in his look, and his lips seemed made for laughter; his black hair and beard were sprinkled with white, and his complexion was a clear, deep brown, flushed in the cheek with wholesome red. The sun, shining upon those heads, brought out their separate opposite characters in the strongest relief to each other. A stranger looking at them from a distance, would have thought the hangman some humble, yet wealthy, good-tempered citizen of Paris, consulting with his household adviser, on a daughter's portion, a son's patrimony, or some other domestic arrangement. Very different was the subject which at that hour supplied the discourse of Jacques Tenebræ, the hangman of Paris, and Father George, the austere Capuchin.

"Thou dost call death a punishment?" repeated the executioner. "I live by it, and should therefore, with the wisdom of this world——"

"The wisdom of this world is arrant folly," interrupted the Capuchin.

"I am of thy ghostly opinion," observed Jacques Tenebræ, "as to a good deal of it. Yet, death being made a punishment, makes my profession—I speak to thee in private, and as a friend—my profession is little less than arrant folly; a mistake, a miserable blunder!"

"The saints protect me! what meanest thou by such wild discourse?" inquired Father George.

"Hear me out, listen to the hangman;" cried Jacques Tenebræ. "There is another world, eh? good Father George."

The Capuchin moved suddenly from the side of the querist, and surveyed him with a look of horror.

"Nay, nay, answer me," said Jacques; "but for the form of argument. 'Twas for that I put the question!"

"'Tis scarcely lawful even so to put it," said the Monk. "However, let it be granted—there is another world."

"And all men must die!" asked Jacques Tenebræ. "Eh?—is it not so?"

"We are come into the world doomed to the penalty," replied the Capuchin. "Death is the common lot of all."

"Of the good, and the wise, and the unwise? eh, father?" cried Jacques.

"'Tis very certain," answered the Monk.

"If such, then, be the case," said Tenebræ, "if no virtue, no goodness, no wisdom, no strength, can escape death—if death be made, as you say, the penalty of the good, why should it be thought the punishment of the wicked? Why should it be thought the only doom for the blackest guilt, which, it may be, the very same hour, the brightest virtue is condemned to suffer? Answer me that!" cried the hangman.

"'Tis a point above thy apprehension, Jacques Tenebræ," replied Father George, apparently desirous of changing the discourse. "Let it rest, Jacques, for abler wits than thine."

"You would not kill a culprit's soul, Father George? asked Jacques, heedless of the wishes of the Capuchin.

"What horror dost thou talk!" exclaimed the Monk.

"But for thy argument," said the unmoved Jacques. "Nay, I'm sure thou wouldst not. I have heard thee talk such consolation to a culprit, that, at the time, I have thought it a blessed thing to die. Well, he died—and the laws, as the cant phrase runs, were avenged. The repentant thief, the penitent blood-shedder, was dismissed from further rule of a man; perhaps, the very day he was punished, a hundred pious, worthy souls were called from the world; he was discharged from the earth, and—but thou knowest what thou hast twenty times promised such misdoers, when I had done my office on them."

"Thou art ignorant, Jacques Tenebræ—basely ignorant; thou art so familiarized with death it has lost its terrors to the," said the Capuchin, who again strove to shift the discourse.

"Of that anon, Father George; as for death on the scaffold, 'tis nothing—but I have seen the death of a good man, in his Christian bed," said Jacques, "and that was awful."

"Thou dost own as much?" observed Father George, "thou dost confess it."

"Awful, yet cheering; and 'twas while I beheld it that the thought came to me of my own worthlessness—"

"As a sinner," interrupted the Capuchin.

"And hangman," cried Jacques. "I thought it took from the holiness, the beauty, if I may say it, of the good man's fate—the common fate, as you rightly call it, father—to give death to the villain, to make it the last punishment, by casting him at one fling from the same world with the pious creature who died yesterday. Now the law would not, could not if it would, kill the soul, and but thou knowest what passes between thy brotherhood and the condemned, thou knowest what thou dost promise to the penitent culprit, and, therefore, to kill a man for his crimes would be a fitting, a reasonable custom, if this world were all, if there were nought beyond. Then see you, Father George, thou wouldst hasten the evil doer into nothingness;—now dost thou speed him into felicity. Eh? Am I not right, is it not so, holy Father?"

"And is such thy thought—thy true thought?"—inquired the Capuchin.

"I thank my stars it is, else I had not held my trade so long. Punishment! Bah! I call myself the rogues' chamberlain, taking them from a wicked world, and putting them quietly to rest. When he who signs the warrant for their exit—and, thinking closely what we all are, 'tis bold writing, i' faith—must some day die, too, when the ermine tippet must, at some time, lie down with the hempen string: it is, methinks, a humorous way of punishment, this same hanging."

"I tell thee, Jacques Tenebræ," cried the priest, "thy coarse faculties, made familliar with such scenes, cannot comprehend their awfulness—their public use. The example that——"

"Ho! hold you there, father—example! 'Tis a brave example to throttle a man in the public streets; why, I know the faces of my audience as well as Dominique did. I can show you a hundred who never fail at the gallows' foot to come and gather good example. Do you think, most holy father, that the mob of Paris come to a hanging as to a sermon—to amend their lives at the gibbet? No: many come as they would take an extra dram; it gives their blood a fillip—stirs them for an hour or two: many to see a fellow-man act a scene which they themselves must one day undergo, many, as to the puppets and ballad singers at Point Neuf, but, for example, why, father, as I am an honest executioner, I have in my day done my office upon twenty, all of whom were constant visiters of years standing at my morning levees."

"Is it possible?" asked the Monk.

"Believe the hangman," answered Jacques Tenebræ.

"And thou wouldst punish no evil doer with death?" inquired Father George.

"As I am an honest minister of the law, and live by rope, not I, for this sufficient reason; nature having made this the punishment of all men, it is too good a portion for rogues; the more especially when softened by the discourses of thy brotherhood."

"And thou wouldst, hang no man?" again asked the Friar, with rising wrath.

"Though I speak it to my loss," cried Jacques, "not I!"

From the Pittsburg Journal and Age.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

It was a few days after the news of Buena Vista—the very day that the mail brought the official list of the killed and wounded—we were seated in the office, reading over those with a sad curiosity, seeking out the names with which we were of old familiar. McKee we remembered well—a dashing, daring Artillery officer—he was in the Third when we knew him. But he married, left the service, engaged in business, and at the opening of the war resumed the epaulettes as Colonel of a Kentucky Volunteer Regiment. Brave fellow!—none braver fell on that bloody field.

We were sorrowfully enough engaged by these thoughts when a young woman entered the office. When we say young, we mean under thirty. She had a small girl by the hand—a beautiful little creature, about three years old. Both mother and child, for such no one could doubt to be their relationship, who observed their features, were dressed with extreme neatness, though all the little elegancies of decoration were bestowed upon the child.

We just looked over the top of the paper, to state these particulars, when having been directed to us by the Clerk, she came forward to our desk.

We handed her a chair, and while we endeavoured as well as we could to soothe her very apparent agitation, we were somewhat at a loss to account for its existence.

After a few minutes conversation, we discovered the reason in the fact that she was a relative of a soldier in Captain ———'s company of artillery. This corps had been engaged, and, we remembered, had suffered very severely. She had been informed that the list of the killed and wounded had arrived, and she had called to hear the intelligence of his fate.

She wished us to read over the names.

We again took up the paper, and proceeded to comply with her request. We shall never forget the expression of that woman's features, as we read. Her agony was terrible. She was not unhandsome; but her face became ghastly pale, and her eyes looked unutterable despair, as she fixed them upon the child, who was playing with a newspaper, and laughing joyously in its heedless innocence. Her lips were colourless, the perspiration started on her forehead, and as she lifted her hand to wipe the large drops away, we could see it trembling as though palsied.

The presentiment of evil had already almost broken her heart, and we knew that the relative must be a *very* near one.

She had avoided giving us her name, and so soon as we found the list, appallingly long, which comprised the casualties of the designated corps, we began to read. We did not know when we would reach the fatal name, if at all, and at each individual we looked inquiringly in the woman's face. She said nothing, however, for some time, and we began to hope, that the name was not down, when we read

"John ———, sergeant, KILLED!"

Such a scream! It was the wail of a broken heart. Only one—and then still as death. That cry was ringing in our ears for a month. We immediately ran towards her, but she arose from her chair, motioned us her thanks, and without a word left the office.

We had read to her the announcement of her husband's death.

We did not do much service in the office that day.

The next morning, happening down on the wharf, we saw the woman and her little girl, going on board the Cincinnati packet. She recognized us, and we spoke to her. She was crushed completely, She had grown twenty years older, in as many hours. She informed us that she had resided with her husband in New-York. That she was originally from the West, and on his corps being ordered to Mexico, she determined to repair to her friends, and await the conclusion of the war. She had heard of the battle, and knew that Captain———'s battery, was engaged, and on her arrival in Pittsburg, had been directed to the Journal office for further information. She arrived the very morning after the receipt of the list of killed and wounded.

We bade her good bye. She continued her route to her girlhood's home, now desolate, as was all the world, to her; and we to our daily business, a sadder man, indeed.

The little incident recorded above, was recalled to our minds on Saturday, by reading in a Western paper, the notice of the death of "Mrs. Sarah———, widow of John———, a soldier, killed in the battle of Buena Vista."

It was our acquaintance—there could be no mistake.

She had grieved herself to death for her husband.

We have often been called upon, on business of a similar nature by the wives of officers and soldiers, but none of them ever left so strong yet so painful an impression as the wife of the artilleryman killed at Buena Vista.

A PROFESSIONAL WISH—A Selkirk Sexton used to preface the dram customarily given to him at funerals with a general nod to all the company, adding, quite in a serious way, unconscious of the doleful meaning the compliment contained, "My service to you all, gentlemen."

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

HUMORS OF AN EXECUTION.—The recent execution of two men at Morpeth was ushered in with farce—the people crowding in thousands to witness it, and behaving, as usual, with all the mirth and jollity of a fair. Its conclusion was a tragedy so horrible, that it must needs put to the blush the most zealous of the hangman's advocates, who still stand up for the utility and advantage of legalized murder. When the culprits were "turned off," the ropes were found to be too long, and the feet of the miserable wretches actually rested upon the fallen beam so that they were enabled to raise themselves on their toes, and in this position to cry out with agony; Welch distinctly ejaculating. "Oh, dear!" "Lord have mercy upon me!" and similar expressions. In this position they remained some seconds, until the executioner re-adjusted the ropes. He then pulled them up with a violent jerk, when the intense suffering of the men became still more evident. Matthews's body literally quivered with agony, and was drawn into dreadful distortions, while Welch whirled round with great rapidity, and was only stopped by the executioner, who seized him by his legs and pulled until his neck was broken!—*Liverpool Mercury.*

PROGRESSIST SOCIETY.—EDINBURGH.—A correspondent calls our attention to a society formed under the above designation, with the object of disseminating true political principles, and corresponding, as far as practicable, with those in every country who hold the same opinions. The basis of the society is as follows:—1. That all men are born equal, and with an inalienable right to freedom.—2. That it is the right and duty of every human being, who is not, by his own misdeeds, under the ban of justice, to assert and maintain his private, and social, and political independence.—3. That the sole duty of Government is the protection of life and property.—4. That nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong.—5. That personal fitness for any office in the State ought to be the only necessary qualification, irrespective of artificial distinction of rank, station, or wealth.—6. That the glorious Christian maxims of "doing unto others as you yourselves should wish to be done to," and "loving God and your neighbour as yourself," ought to form the foundation of all legislation.—7. That the object of all laws should be, to give the greatest possible happiness to the greatest possible number.—*Nonconformist.*

GERMANY.—JENNY LIND AND THE STUDENTS.—At a certain German town, last autumn, there was a tremendous *furor* about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it on her travels early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates a pack of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown Jenny's bed-room, and swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Enlishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the table-d'hôte, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said, in a low voice, to some who came near him at table, "You are English, gentlemen, I observe? Most extraordinary people these German students: as a body, raving mad, gentlemen." "Oh no," said somebody, "only excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible." "By heavens, Sir!" returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed, "then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning, after shaving, and while I was gone;"—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes." In the confusion the students had gone into the wrong room.—*Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.*

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL, sister, and for a long time assistant, of the illustrious astronomer, celebrated the ninety-seventh anniversary of her birthday on the 16th of March, at Hanover. The King sent to compliment her; the Prince and Princess Royal paid her a visit; the latter presented her with a magnificent arm-chair, the back of which had been embroidered by her Royal Highness: and the Minister of Prussia, in the name of his Sovereign, remitted to her the gold medal awarded for the extension of the sciences. Miss Herschel is herself distinguished for astronomical researches, and particularly for the construction of a selenographical globe in relief of the surface of the moon. Notwithstanding her advanced age and infirmities, she still passes several hours every day in astronomical labours, and not unfrequently spends the whole night in her observatory.—*Globe.*

THE USES OF NETTLES.—A German journal mentions that it has been proved, from a series of experiments, that the seed of nettles, mixed with the food of oxen, makes their hides sleek and shiny, and improves the flavour of their flesh; and this discovery, the same paper asserts, is considered of so much importance that several farmers propose for the future to set aside two or three fields to the exclusive cultivation of nettles!

DEBTS OF THE PEOPLE.—The war-debts of the European nations, or rather of the *one* people of Europe, amount to the sum of £1,499,443,000, which is £7 sterling for each man and woman on the continent of Europe and its adjacent islands. The annual interest of this sum at, five per cent, is £74,972,150.

A LONDON paper speaks in high terms of a statue by Powers, just arrived in that city,—"a Neapolitan Fisher boy,"

Applying to his ear
The convolution of a smooth-lipp'd shell
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listens intently.

The "oldest inhabitant" is said to be a woman now living in Moscow, in Russia, who is 168 years of age. At the age of 122 she married her fifth husband.

A patent has been taken out for making coffins of glass by a mould or of thick plates of china, joined together by a durable cement, or of wooden cases lined with plates of glass.

The valuation of the personal property of the great auctioneer, George Robins, has been taken at £140,000, exclusive of landed property.

INTER-MURAL BURIALS.—We learn on good authority that Government have prepared a bill to prohibit the further interment of corpses in the churchyards of large towns and populous districts. The greatest and most disgusting national nuisance of modern times is likely, therefore, to be sooner abated than was expected.—*Sunday Times.*

A LONG WORD.—A German newspaper mentions the formation of a "*Jungefrauenzimmerdurchschwiudsuchttoedtungsgegenve-reign,*" *alias* "Anti-killing-youngwomen-by-lingering-death-or-rather-by consumption-society."

There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a plough-share weighing about forty-two pounds.

It is reported that Lord Brougham is about to publish a translation of Dante, which he wrote during his youth.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

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